WELCOME TO THE FUTURE OF LAW ENFORCEMENT!

MEGA-CITY ONE 2111AD, AND THE STREETS ARE AWASH WITH CRIME PERPETRATED BY ALL MANNER OF ROGUE CITIZENS, whether it be a murderous child genius or a super-intelligent rottweiler called Rex. There is a solution to this problem and his name is Judge Dredd. Judge, jury and executioner, Dredd is the ultimate future cop!

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ISBN 978-1-906735-07-4

£18.99 UK

JUDGE DREDD

THE COMPLETE CASE FILES

13

2000AD PROGS 619-661
YEAR: 2111-2112

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Written by
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Alan Grant
Art by
John Higgins
Steve Yeowell
Will Simpson
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JUDGE DREDD

THE COMPLETE CASE FILES 13

JUDGE DREDD CREATED BY JOHN WAGNER AND CARLOS EZQUERRA

JUDGE DREDD

THE COMPLETE CASE FILES 13

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Published by Rebellion, Riverside House, Osney Mead, Oxford, OX2 0ES, UK.
www.rebellion.co.uk

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IT WAS HOUSE-MASTER **BUBBLEHEAD STRANGE** WHO HAD THE IDEA.

♪SIT ON YOUR HANDS – FORGET YOUR FEET! LET YOUR BODY FLOW WITH THE BUBBLEHEAD BEAT!♪

MOB-BLOCK

HE WAS DEEJAYIN' AT AN IMPROMPTU **HOUSEPARTY** IN THE D. MOB APARTMENT BLOCK WHEN THE JUDGES CAME TO CALL–

THE PARTY'S OVER, CREEPS! THIS HOUSE IS UNDER ARREST!

EVERYBODY OUT!

WE CAN'T! WE CAN'T MOVE! WE-WE'RE WEDGED IN SOLID!

'COURSE, JUDGES ON AN ARREST-BINGE WASN'T GOIN' TO BE STOPPED BY NO SOLID WEDGIN' –

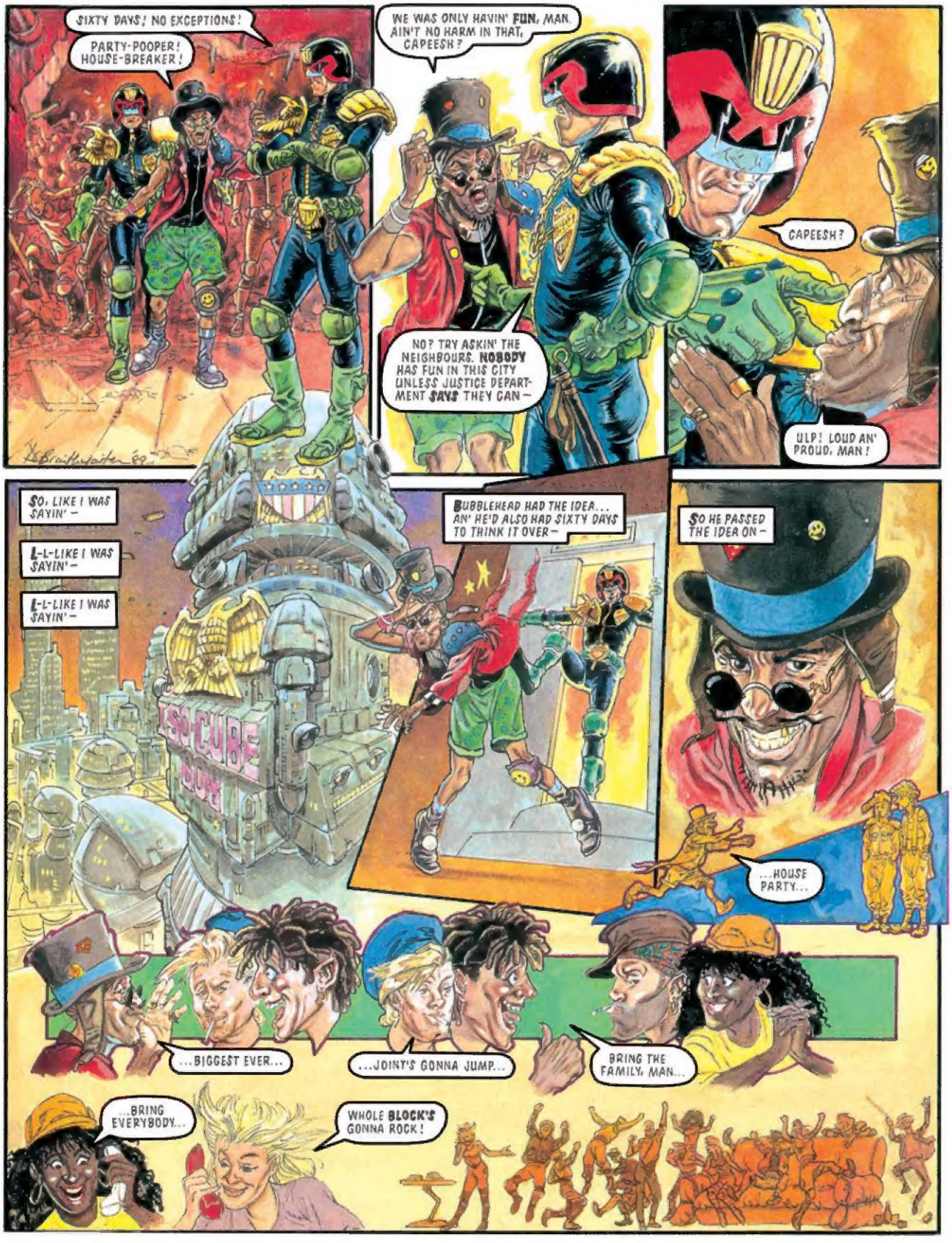
BRING THAT WALL **DOWN!**

LOCKIN' UP THE HOUSE (CUBE MIX)

SKKRUNCH!

SCRIPT ALAN GRANT
ART D BRAITHWAITE
LETTERING T FRAME

JUDGE DREDD


SIXTY DAYS! NO EXCEPTIONS!
PARTY-POOPER! HOUSE-BREAKER!
WE WAS ONLY HAVIN' FUN, MAN. AIN'T NO HARM IN THAT, CAPEESH?
NO? TRY ASKIN' THE NEIGHBOURS. NOBODY HAS FUN IN THIS CITY UNLESS JUSTICE DEPARTMENT SAYS THEY CAN~
CAPEESH?
ULP! LOUD AN' PROUD, MAN!
SO, LIKE I WAS SAYIN'~
L-L-LIKE I WAS SAYIN'~
L-L-LIKE I WAS SAYIN'~
BUBBLEHEAD HAD THE IDEA... AN' HE'D ALSO HAD SIXTY DAYS TO THINK IT OVER~
SO HE PASSED THE IDEA ON~
...HOUSE PARTY...
...BIGGEST EVER...
...JOINT'S GONNA JUMP...
BRING THE FAMILY, MAN...
...BRING EVERYBODY...
WHOLE BLOCK'S GONNA ROCK!

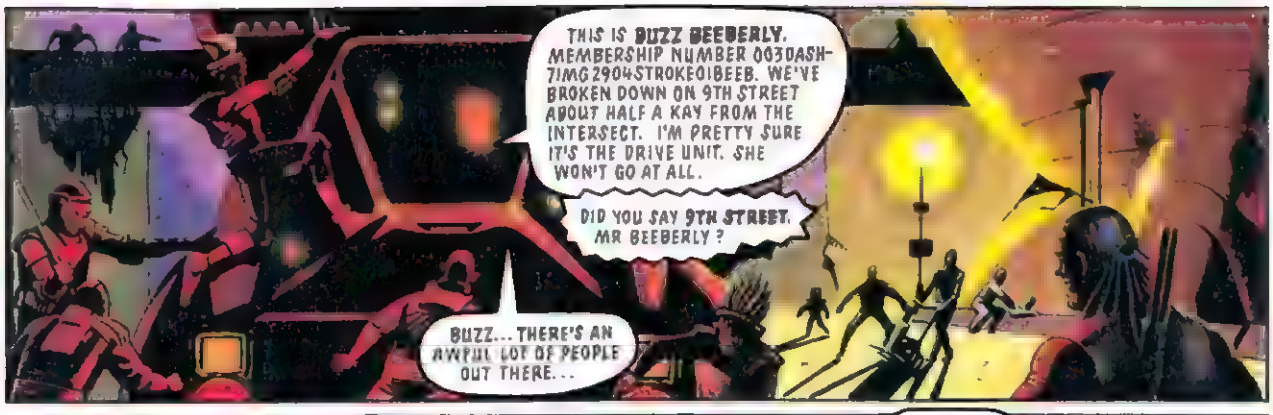
AND THUS IT CAME TO PASS THAT AT THE APPOINTED HOUR, BETTER THAN 50,000 AVID PARTYGOERS ZEROED IN ON THE JACK MASTERS CITY BLOCK —
WELCOME, ONE — WELCOME ALL! COME IN — GET DOWN — AN' GET IT ON AT THE BIGGEST HOUSEPARTY OF ALL TIME!
ARE YA READY TO LET THE MUSIC MOVE YA?
FLIP!
THEN LET'S PARTY, PEOPLE! HERE'S VOM-VOM-VOM, WITH "HOUSE OF ILL-REPUTE"!
♫P-P-P-P-POOT! EVER'BODY POOT! COME ON AN' POOT IN THE HOUSE OF ILL-REPUTE♫
HOLY HECK! THAT'S SOME BASS LINE! THE WHOLE BLOCK'S SHAKING!
WHAT A PARTY!
ARE YOU CALLING THE JUDGES, GEORGE?
LIKE HECK I AM, HONEY —
I'M GETTIN' READY TO PARTY!
YEAH, THAT WAS SOME IDEA OF BUBBLEHEAD'S. FOLKS POURED IN FROM ALL OVER THE SECTOR —
AN' MEANWHILE —
M-M-M-MEANWHILE —
CONTROL TO ALL UNITS, SECTOR 17! UNAUTHORISED HOUSEPARTY IN PROGRESS, JACK MASTERS BLOCK!
KORKY
DEE

DREDD HERE – RESPONDING!
IT'S HIGH TIME THESE MANIACS WERE HOUSE-TRAINED!
♪ – ON OVER 'A MY HOUSE! COME ON OVER 'A MY HOUSE! ♪
GRUD ON A GREENIE! THAT'S A PARTY!?
I'VE TRIED WARNIN' 'EM, BUT IT'S NO GOOD. THEY CAN'T EVEN HEAR THE BULLHORN OVER THAT DIN!
MUST BE A HUNDRED THOUSAND OR MORE! HOW THE DROKK ARE WE GONNA STOP 'EM?
CAN'T HAUL THE WALLS DOWN THIS TIME – BUT THERE'S MORE THAN ONE WAY TO BRING DOWN THE HOUSE!
DREDD TO H-WAGON!
GIVE THOSE CREEPS A TASTE OF STUM! START AT THE TOP – AN' WORK YOUR WAY DOWN!
JACK MASTERS
BLOCK
YOU GOT IT, DREDD!
STUM GAS AWAY!

G-GAS!
COUGH! C-CAN'T BREATHE—!
LEMME OUTA HERE!
!GAKK!
TELL YA, THAT STUM REALLY IS THE ULTIMATE PARTY POOP. I MEAN, NOBODY AT A HOUSEPARTY MINDS GETTIN' NAUSEOUS—VOMITIN'—COLLAPSIN' UNCONSCIOUS—
YAY, PEOPLE! YA GOT THE PLACE SO HOT, IT'S STEAMIN'!
ARE YA READY FOR THIS? ARE YA READY TO SHOCK THE BLOCK?
ARE YA...
BUT THE WHOLE THING GOES KINDA FLAT WHEN THE DEEJAY FALLS DOWN ON THE JOB—
GRUD! I'VE NEVER SEEN SO MANY UNCONSCIOUS PEOPLE. WHAT THE HELL WE GOIN' TO DO WITH 'EM, DREDD?
LET'S SEE HOW THEY ENJOY A YEAR-LONG CUBE PARTY!
CUFF 'EM—CHARGE 'EM—CART 'EM AWAY! THESE CREEPS ARE MOVING HOUSE...
NEXT PROG: BREAKDOWN!

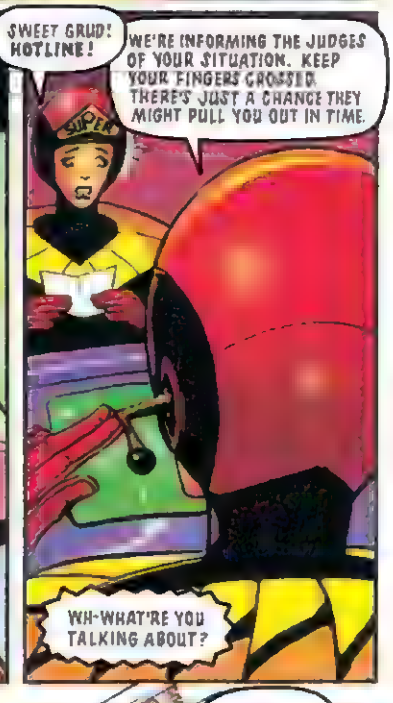
Breakdown on 9TH STREET
PART 1
WE MUST'VE TAKEN THE WRONG TURN OFF THE DOWNSTRIP...
SOMETHING'S SURE GONE WRONG, HON...
9TH STREET... SEE 9TH STREET ANYWHERE ON THE MAP?
9TH STREET... 9TH STREET...
SEC 41
9TH STH
AND DIE
HERE IT IS — SECTOR 41. YES, WE SHOULD HAVE GONE LEFT AT THAT LAST INTERSECTION... SILLY ME.
NEVER MIND, HON. NO HARM DONE.
SCRIPT JOHN WAGNER
ART JOHN HIGGINS
LETTERING JOHN TOM
PHURT PHURT
CRAANNNNK-K-K!
JUD-JUDDA-!
OH DEAR!
JUDGE DREDD

IT'S THAT DRIVE UNIT AGAIN
CAN YOU FIX IT?
NOT A CHANCE. HAVE TO CALL OUT THE MOPAD CLUB.
THANK HARRY FOR THE GOOD OLD MOPAD CLUB!
BUZZ, DEAR... THERE'S A JUVE PAINTING ON THE MOPAD!
WHAAT!
GET OFFA THERE, YOU! THIS IS A BRAND NEW VEHICLE!
Jerk
MOPAD CLUB!
HELLO - GEEZ!
CRASHH!
YOU LITTLE DELINQUENT! I'M GOING TO COME OUT THERE AND TEACH YOU A LESSON YOU WON'T FORGET FOR A WEEK!
Jerko
NO - SORRY! NOT YOU, MOPAD CLUB!


THIS IS BUZZ BEEBERLY. MEMBERSHIP NUMBER 0030ASH-7IMG2904STROKE01BEEB. WE'VE BROKEN DOWN ON 9TH STREET ABOUT HALF A KAY FROM THE INTERSECT. I'M PRETTY SURE IT'S THE DRIVE UNIT. SHE WON'T GO AT ALL.
DID YOU SAY 9TH STREET, MR BEEBERLY?
BUZZ... THERE'S AN AWFUL LOT OF PEOPLE OUT THERE...

THAT'S 9TH STREET IN SECTOR 41?
YOU GOT IT! HOW LONG'LL YOU BE?
I'M SORRY... WE DON'T MAKE BREAKDOWN CALLS IN THAT AREA.
THIS IS THE MOPAD CLUB I'M TALKING TO? HELLO...?

MR BEEBERLY, DO EXACTLY AS I SAY. SECURE ALL DOORS AND WINDOWS IMMEDIATELY. FIND THE STRONGEST ROOM IN THE MOPAD AND BARRICADE YOURSELF IN. ARE YOU ALONE?
MY WIFE'S WITH ME.
STAY TOGETHER AT ALL TIMES. DO NOT ALLOW YOURSELVES TO BECOME SEPARATED.

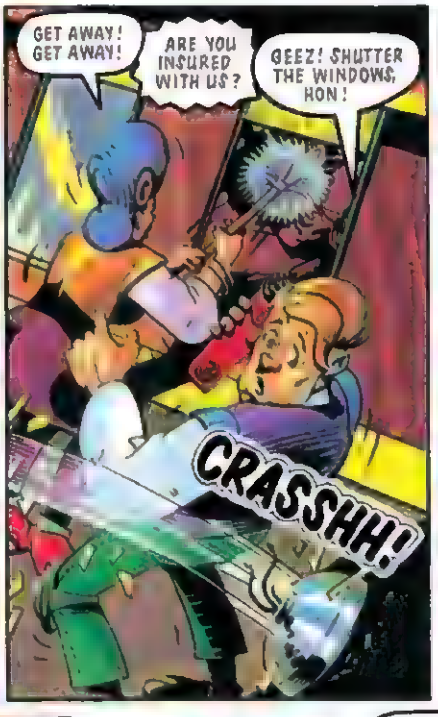

SWEET GRUD! HOTLINE!
WE'RE INFORMING THE JUDGES OF YOUR SITUATION. KEEP YOUR FINGERS CROSSED. THERE'S JUST A CHANCE THEY MIGHT PULL YOU OUT IN TIME.
WH-WHAT'RE YOU TALKING ABOUT?

CONTROL TO DREDD! WE HAVE A MOPAD BREAKDOWN, 9TH STREET IN SECTOR 41! OCCUPANTS IN DANGER — THAT'S PRIORITY ONE!

I'M FOUR MINUTES AWAY AT LEAST! HAVEN'T YOU GOT ANYONE CLOSER?
THAT'S A NEGATIVE.
ON MY WAY!

CRUNCKKK!
CRANGGG!
BUZZ! THEY-THEY'RE STEALING OUR TYRES!
YOU LOT HAVE HAD IT! YOU HEAR! I'VE CALLED THE JUDGES!

NAAAHHH!
UHHH!
IN THE MEANTIME PERHAPS YOU COULD GIVE ME A FEW INSURANCE DETAILS...


GET AWAY! GET AWAY!
ARE YOU INSURED WITH US?
GEEZ! SHUTTER THE WINDOWS, HON!
CRASSHH!

WHAAT?
ARE YOU INSURED WITH US?
YES!
IS THAT FULLY COMPREHENSIVE?

NO - JUST THIRD PARTY. THE-THE MOPAD COST US SO MUCH WE COULDN'T AFFORD COMP...
THAT'S A PITY, MR BEEBERLY.
CHUNKK!

AND WHAT ABOUT LIFE COVER? IF YOU HAVEN'T ARRANGED ANY, NOW MIGHT BE A GOOD TIME TO GIVE IT SOME CONSIDERATION...
SNAPPP!
HELLO... MOPAD CLUB?
HELLO?

WE'RE CUT OFF!
YOU EEN THERE, MAN? WE COMIN' TO GET YOU!
UPSTAIRS!
BADOW!
CRASHHH!
CONTROL, WE HAVE A SHOOTING. TUBLER SKED!
LOOKS LIKE A DOMESTIC. CAN'T IGNORE IT – REQUEST YOU REASSIGN THE 9TH STREET BREAKDOWN!
NOT POSSIBLE AT THIS TIME.
YOU DIRTY, TWO-TIMIN' PIECA –

HEY, LE'S PARTY!
I SEE YOU, FACE!
OH BUZZ!
SLAM
BUZZ!
AAAHK!
BADOW!
YOU! HITCH YOURSELF TO THE HOLDING POST!
BE BACK SHORTLY!
WILL DREDD GET THERE IN TIME?
IF HE DOES, WHAT WILL HE BE IN TIME FOR?
WILL BUZZ BEEBERLY EVER RENEW HIS SUBSCRIPTION TO THE MOPAD CLUB?
THESE AND OTHER FASCINATING DETAILS — NEXT PROG!

JUDGE DREDD

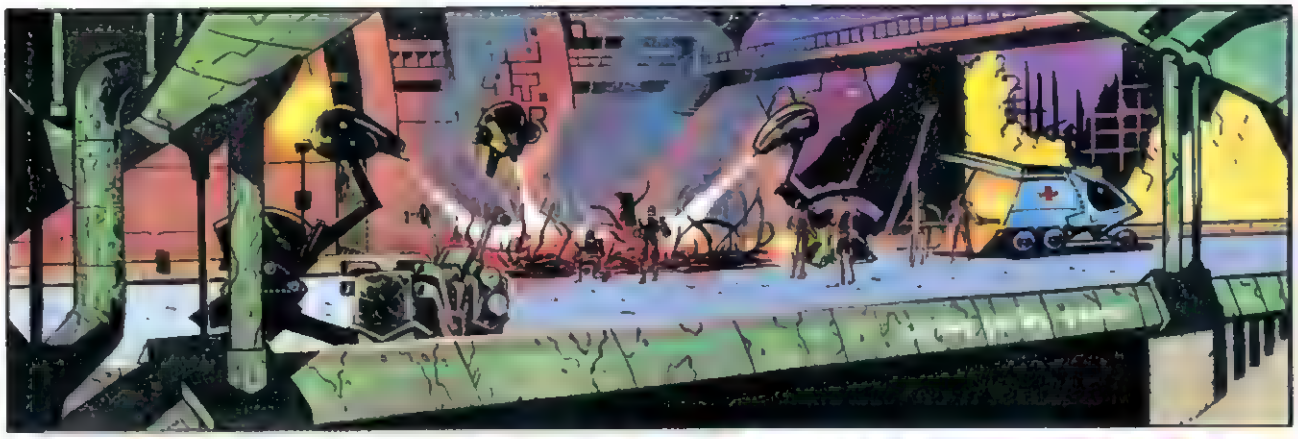
Breakdown on 9th ST
PART 2
SCRIPT JOHN W.
ART JOHN H.
LETTERING JOHN S.
BUZZ AND HON BEEBERLY'S MOPAD HAS BROKEN DOWN ON 9th STREET, A STATE OF AFFAIRS NOT RECOMMENDED IN THE MOPAD CLUB HANDBOOK—
♪ BADA BADA BA BADA BADA BADA ♪
C'MON! LE'S DANCE! WHEEEEEE!
♪ BADA BADA BADA BADASKREEEEE! ♪
HEY! DON' TAKE THE SOUN'S, MAN!
COME ON OUT THERE, FAT CATS!
OH, BUZZ!
IT'S JUST A FLESH WOUND! DOWNSTAIRS QUICK, HON!

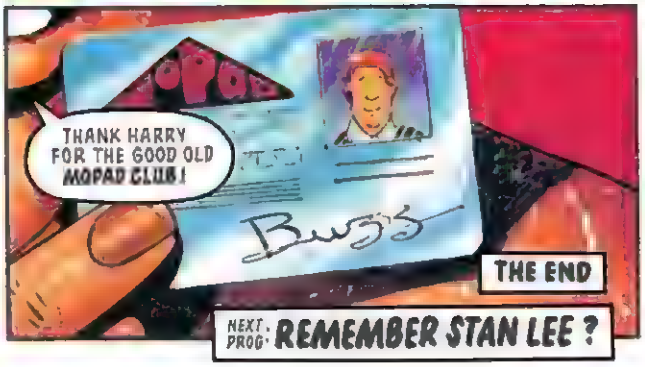
WHERE ARE THE JUDGES?
I'M SHORT-CUTTING THROUGH PROJECT BOULEVARD, CONTROL!
HONK! HONK!
DAMN JUDGES! THINK THEY MAKE THE LAW!
SKREEEEE
E.T.A. 9th STREET. TWO MINUTES!
COMIN' TA GET YA, FAT CATS!
OUR POOR MOPAD! WHAT'RE THEY DOING TO IT?
IT'S WHAT THEY'RE GOING TO DO TO US, BUZZ!
THAT'S RIGHT, SWEET CHIPS. YOU WORRY! HAHAHAHA!
THE SHOWER ROOM, HON! IT'S OUR ONLY CHANCE!

LE'S DO THE BREAKDANCE!
WAR
BADA BADA SMASSH! BADA BADA KRANNGG!
WHERE YA HIDIN', FAT CATS?
THE DOOR'S METAL! HE WON'T GET THROUGH IT IN A HURRY!
I KNOW YOU'RE IN THERE!
OHH!
APPROXIMATELY ONE MINUTE AWAY! NOTIFY FIRE CONTROL. THERE'S A BLAZE UP AHEAD! COULD BE THE MOPAD!

IT-IT'S NOT DRAINING, BUZZ!
THE TANK MUST BE FULL! I KNEW WE SHOULD'VE EMPTIED IT!
USE MY SHIRT- TRY TO BLOCK THE PIPE!
GONNA HAFTA LEAVE YOU, KIDS!
IT WON'T STAY IN!
PRESSURE'S TOO HIGH!
OH, BUZZ, WE COULD DROWN!
GEEZ - LESSEE... THIS CUBICLE'S FOUR BY FOUR BY SEVEN - THE TANK HOLDS A THOUSAND GALLONS - THERE'S ROUGHLY SEVEN AND A HALF GALLONS IN A CUBIC FOOT - SO MULTIPLY FOUR BY FOUR BY, UH, SEVEN BY, UH, SEVEN AND A HALF...
I DUNNO, HON... I NEVER WAS MUCH GOOD AT MATHS...
YES - YES - ?
OH, BUZZ!

I'M AT THE MOPAD, CONTROL!
DON'T HOLD OUT MUCH HOPE FOR THE OCCUPANTS, THOUGH!
THE AIR VENT— IT-IT SHOULD BE RUNNING OUT!
IT MUST BE SHUT, BUZZ! PUSH THE TAB!
OH, HELL! IT BROKE!
CAN'T... GET MY... FINGERS IN THERE!
OH, BUZZ, WE'RE GOING TO DIE!
GOTTA BE - GLUG - SOMETHIN' I CAN - GLUuuh
GASP.
OH, BUZZ!





NEXT PROG: REMEMBER STAN LEE ?

JUDGE DREDD

SCRIPT: GRANT
ART: NYTRON BOOTTELL
LETTERING: FRANE

ON MEETING YOUR ENEMY

AND HOW WILL WE KNOW OUR ENEMY, SENSEI ?

YOUR ENEMY IS A MAN.

"HIS EYES ARE MASKED

"HIS FACE IS GRIM

"HIS NAME BLAZES LIKE A CURSE ON HIS BREAST.

"SURPRISE MAY BE ON YOUR SIDE—

"BUT YOUR ENEMY HAS LONG SINCE LEARNED TO EXPECT ANYTHING... ESPECIALLY THE UNEXPECTED

THWAK!

SLNISH

"LIKE THE TIGER DRIVEN TO FURY BY THE TASTE OF HIS OWN BLOOD, YOUR ENEMY IS EVEN MORE DANGEROUS WHEN WOUNDED—"

"HE IS A MAN WHO KNOWS HIS PRIORITIES...
"BUT NOT MERCY
"YOUR ENEMY IS A MACHINE
"FORGED IN A DISCIPLINE OF IRON ..
"HE KNOWS PAIN
"HE KNOWS HOW TO TAKE IT.
"AND MORE—
"HE KNOWS HOW TO DEAL IT."

"DRAGON-DAUGHTER OF THE FIGHTING HEART...
"YOU WILL FARE BEST AGAINST HIM.
"HE IS GROWING OLD.
"SLOWING DOWN.
WHUNKK!
BOKK!

"BUT DO NOT UNDERESTIMATE HIM—
"REMEMBER—THIS IS THE MAN WHO SHAMED OUR DOJO.
"THIS IS THE MAN WHO BEAT STAN LEE.
KRUNK!
"WHEN TIME IS COME, WHEN HIS DEATH IS SURE, TELL HIM...

"TELL HIM WHY HE DIES."
FOR DEATHFIST!
KRANCH!
YOU HAVE DONE WELL, DAUGHTER YOU WILL ERASE OUR SHAME.
GO NOW
SEEK OUT YOUR ENEMY
THE END [FOR NOW]
NEXT PROG: BANANA CITY

CB CONTROL, THIS IS JUSTICE 4 INBOUND FROM THE BIG MEG. REQUESTING CLEARANCE TO LAND. OVER.
Banana City
ROGER, JUSTICE 4. WE'RE LOSING YOU ON SCAN. CLIMB TO 1000 AND HOLD FOR APPROACH. OVER.
WILCO.
OFF SCAN NOW, DREDD.
GO!
MALDITO CERDO!
CRAASSSH!
NICE TOWN.
JUDGE DREDD

WELCOME TO CIUDAD BARRANQUILLA!
MAY I SAY WHAT A GREAT HONOUR IT IS TO HAVE SUCH DISTINGUISHED GUESTS HERE IN OUR HUMBLE CITY!
AND SUCH A BEAUTIFUL LADY, TOO! WE ARE DOUBLY HONOURED, JUDGE HERSHEY!
IS NOT OFTEN WE HAVE THE PLEASURE OF A VISIT FROM THE GREAT MEGA-CITY JUDGES. WE ARE BEGINNING TO THINK YOU DON' LIKE US – LIKE MAYBE WE STINK OR SOMETHING.
I TRUST WE HAVEN'T GIVEN THAT IMPRESSION.
SARCASTIC LITTLE CREEP.
SUPREMO JUEZ!
POR FAVOR – MI HIJO – NO TENGO COMIDA QUE DARLE. TOMALE. HAZLE JUEZ. POR LO MENOS COMERA!
EL HAMBRE TE HA PORIDO EL CEREBRO MUJER. ESE CRIO SOLO PUEDE IR AL ARROYO!
NO ME TOQUES!
THIS WAY, PLEASE.
WHAT WAS THAT ABOUT, MCBRIDE?
WOMAN CAN'T FEED HER KID – WANTED CORZO TO MAKE HIM A JUDGE. CORZO DECLINED.
NICE GUY.

"OF COURSE, IN CIUDAD BARRANQUILLA YOU'RE EITHER BORN INTO THE JUDGING CLASSES OR YOUR FAMILY HAVE ENOUGH MONEY TO BUY YOUR WAY IN. ORDINARY SLOBS DON'T GET A SNIFF — STRICTLY FOR THE ELITE.
"AND NO WONDER — JUDGES RUN THIS PLACE FOR THEIR OWN PRIVATE BENEFIT. BATISTA, THE JUDGE SUPREMO, OWNS HALF THE PROPERTY IN THE CITY — CHARGES SKY-HIGH RENTS AND IF YOU DON'T PAY YOU GET A JUDICIAL VISIT...
"THAT MEANS EITHER BROKEN BONES OR FIVE YEARS INSIDE — AND NOT MANY PEOPLE LAST FIVE IN A CB CUBE —"
BANANA CITY THEY CALL IT. I'VE BEEN HERE TWICE AND IT'S LIKE THREE TIMES TOO MANY. PLACE IS A STUDY IN CORRUPTION — MAKES THE ANDEAN CONURB LOOK LIKE THE CRADLE OF GOOD GOVERNMENT.
DRIVER'LL HEAR YOU, MCBRIDE
SURE HE'LL HEAR ME. THEY DON'T CARE WHAT WE THINK ABOUT THEM AS LONG AS WE DON'T TRY TO INTERFERE WITH THEIR COSY LITTLE SET-UP.
ISN'T THAT RIGHT, DRIVER?
NO HABLO ENGLESE, SEÑOR.
I'LL BET.
AMERICANOS! AMERICANOS! PER FAVOR! MONEY!
TEN BROTHERS TO FEED!
VZZZTTT!
AAAGH!

HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!
SWELL BUNCHA GUYS.
"DON'T SAY ANYTHING TILL YOU MEET BATISTA. HE'S THE VERITABLE JEWEL IN THE CROWN."
"I CAN'T WAIT."
"KNOWING HIM, YOU'LL PROBABLY HAVE TO."
FORTY SEGUNDOS!
VAMOS, PEDRO! VAMOS!
ES MAS RAPIDA QUE MI PERO!
SI PERO NO TAN FEO!
BIKE CANNON!
BLAMM!

MADRE GRUD!
ESTA REUNION ES ILLEGAL!
Y QUE. NUNCA NOS HABEIS PARADO!
VAMOS O TE MATO!
AYYYYYY!
STILL IN THE RAT BUSINESS, HUH, PEDRO?
JUDGE DREDD! IS YOU...?
HUH! WHAT CAN A MAN DO? ON THE MONEY YOU PAY ME FOR BEING YOUR EYES IN BANANA CITY IS A WONDER I DON' HAVE TO EAT THEM AS WELL!
IF THIS WORKS OUT MAYBE WE CAN TALK ABOUT A RISE...
WE GOT A MESSAGE—IT SAID YOU'D LOCATED OUR MAN...
DURO
NEXT PROG: BANANA LAW

YOU SURE IT'S OUR MAN, PEDRO?

NO, NOT SURE.

I AM ONLY A PAID INFORMER. I HAVE NEVER SEEN HIM.

ONLY YOU CAN BE SURE, JUDGE DREDD.

HE CALLS HIMSELF DIABLO.

DIABLO!

DIABLO!

A DENTRO PEQUENO!

LOOK AT THEM – RUNNING LIKE FRIGHTENED RABBITS!

DON'T THEY KNOW THEY'VE NOTHING TO FEAR FROM US?

WHAT'S THAT...?

NOT UNLESS THEY MAKE RUNNING LIKE RABBITS A CRIME...?

JUDGE DREDD

BY JOHN WAGNER AND WILL SIMPSON LETTERING BY T. ERLAM

YES... THEN WE'D HAVE TO DEAL WITH THEM!

'COS WE'RE NOT LIKE THE OTHERS, ARE WE?

NO, YOU'RE RIGHT THERE...

WE'RE ONLY AFTER THE LAWBREAKERS.

DIABLO – NO! POR FAVOR!

THIS YOUR CAR?

SI! SI! IS MINE!

ILLEGAL PARKING.

'SPOSE I OUGHTA LEARN THE LINGO.
STILL, I'M SURE CREEPO GOT THE MESSAGE.
PLEASE WAIT HERE. I'LL INFORM THE JUDGE SUPREMO OF YOUR ARRIVAL.
DOS MILLONES DE CREDITOS? NO ES MUCHO.
EXCELENCIA, ES TODO LO QUE HE PODIDO REUNIR.
WHAT'S GOING ON
JUDGE SUPREMO'S HOLDING AN APPEALS SESSION.
GUY WANTS THREE YEARS OFF HIS WIFE'S SENTENCE BUT HE'S ONLY GOT TWO MIL. BATISTA'S OFFERING ONE YEAR.
BUT THAT'S TOTAL CORRUPTION.!
TOLD YOU YOU'D LOVE HIM.
THIS IS BANANA LAW, KERSHEY - AN' YOU ARE LOOKIN' AT THE CHIEF BANANA.
SIT BACK AND ENJOY THE SHOW COULD BE A WHILE.
BATISTA LIKES TO KEEP US WAITING. SHOWS US WHO'S BOSS IN BANANA CITY.
CINCO MILLONES, NI UNO MENOS VUELVE CUANDO TENGAS EL RESTO.
IN THIS CASE THAT SUITS ME FINE.

"ALL THE MORE TIME FOR DREDD."
THEY SAY HE'S BEEN SEEN IN CASA DISTRICT. LOTS OF CLUBS AN' STUFF DOWN THERE. DIABLO LIKES TO GIVE THEM THE HARD TIME.
YOU GIVE HIM A HARD TIME, EH, JUDGE?
MAYBE.
"IF HE'S THE ONE."
Creeee
Creeeee
ALL GONE QUIET, HASN'T IT...?
WHAT'S THE MATTER? GUILTY CONSCIENCE?
NO ENTIENDO, SEÑOR
OH, THEY ENTIENDO, ALL RIGHT. THEY ALL KNOW ME!
THE CRAZY AMERICANO WHO TALKS TO HIMSELF ALL THE TIME—
DIABLO...THE DEVIL!

YES, THE DEVIL IS IN ME! ME AND THE DEVIL!
AND THESE SCUM OUGHT TO BE DOWN ON THEIR KNEES THANKING US!
WE'RE HERE FOR THEIR BENEFIT— TO KEEP THEIR STREETS CLEAN!
GRUD, LOOK AT THEM! YOU EVER SEE FACES THAT LOOKED MORE GUILTY?
NO, ME NEITHER! AND ALL WE'VE GOT TO DO IS PROVE IT, LITTLE BUDDY!
PROVE IT... AND THEY'RE OURS!
WELL WELL, WHAT HAVE WE GOT HERE—A TOOTHPICK?
THAT'S AN OFFENSIVE WEAPON, CREEP!
QUE?
QUE! I'LL GIVE YOU QUE! I'LL GIVE YOU SO MUCH QUE YOU'RE GONNA NEED A NEW FACE!
MADRE DIOS!
Do it, Barry! He broke the law! He got it coming! Do it!
YES...
YES!

JUDGE DIABLO! THERE IS A MAN WEETH A GON! HE SAY HE GONNA KEEL YOU!
IS THAT SO?
THIS IS YOUR LUCKY DAY, HOMBRE.
YOU HAVE FOUND JUSTICE!
BE WARNED, CITIZEN — LYING TO A JUDGE IS A SERIOUS OFFENCE!
NO! IS TRUE! HE IS JOST HERE —
JUDGE BARRY KURTEN — I'VE COME TO TAKE YOU BACK!
DREDD!
NEXT PROG: FINAL KURTEN!

JUDGE DREDD
HOW DID YOU FIND ME, DREDD?
PSI-DIVISION. ONE OF OUR TELEPATHS GOT A FLASH.
NO POINT LETTING HIM IN ON OUR MAN IN BANANA CITY.
YOU COULDN'T HAVE HIDDEN FOREVER. WE'D HAVE LOCATED YOU, ONE WAY OR ANOTHER.
WHEN ONE OF OUR OWN GOES ROGUE, WE DON'T STOP LOOKING.
YOU'RE SICK, KURTEN. YOU NEED HELP. I'VE COME TO TAKE YOU BACK.
Don't listen to him, Barry!
HE'S LYING! HE WANTS TO BURN ME OUT—TO SPLIT US UP FOREVER!
SUPPOSE I LIKE IT HERE. SUPPOSE I DON'T WANT TO GO.
I'M AUTHORISED TO TERMINATE YOU.

YOU'RE GETTIN' OLD, JOE... NOT WHAT YOU USED TO BE. RECKON YOU'RE UP TO IT?
YOU WILLING TO TAKE THE CHANCE?
What are you waiting for?
HE'S ASKING FOR IT! GIVE IT TO HIM!
"I HEAR YOU, LITTLE FELLA..."
"BARRY!"
ALL YOURS!
"OLD OR NOT HE'S STILL DAMNED GOOD. NO. I CAN'T TAKE THE CHANCE."
YOU'LL WANT THE CASH, TOO.
CASH?
THE TEN MILLION CREDS I TOOK FROM THAT CHOWDER DEAL. I HAD TO PAY A HEFTY BRIBE TO SET MYSELF UP HERE. BUT THERE'S STILL EIGHT MIL OR SO...
WOULDN'T WANT THAT SLOSHING ABOUT IN BANANA CITY COFFERS.
LEAD THE WAY.
"HE'S GOT TO DIE, BARRY."
"I KNOW."
WRITTEN BY JOHN WAGNER AND W. SIMPSON
LETTERED BY TERRANCE

I HOPE I DID NOT KEEP YOU WAITING TOO LONG, JUDGE HERSHEY.
YOU DID, BUT NEVER MIND. I FOUND IT MOST INSTRUCTIVE, JUDGE SUPREMO.
NEVER THOUGHT OF ALLOWING THE CITIZENS TO BUY YEARS OFF THEIR SENTENCES. MUST REMEMBER TO SUGGEST THAT NEXT TAX ROUND.
YOU MEGA-CITY JUDGES MIGHT DO WELL TO ADOPT SOME OF OUR METHODS.
NOW WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU?
ONE OF OUR JUDGES, KURTEN – WE HAVE REASON TO BELIEVE HE IS CURRENTLY SERVING ON THE CIUDAD BARRANQUILLA FORCE.
KURTEN?
DIABLO.
AH, THE GRINGO. YES, YES. A VALUABLE ADDITION TO OUR RANKS.
HE'S WANTED FOR MURDER AMONG OTHER THINGS. WE'D LIKE HIM BACK.
MURDER IN MEGA-CITY ONE, PERHAPS. HERE WE TAKE A MORE ENLIGHTENED VIEW – WE CALL IT LAWFUL EXECUTION.
KURTEN IS MENTALLY DISTURBED. HE THINKS THERE'S A LITTLE BLUE MAN IN HIS HEAD TELLING HIM WHAT TO DO.
SO WE GET TWO FOR THE PRICE OF ONE.
I DON'T THINK YOU'RE TREATING THIS REQUEST SERIOUSLY, JUDGE SUPREMO.
REQUEST? REQUEST, IS IT? IT SOUNDED MORE LIKE AN ORDER!
YOU BIG-CITY VIVALES! ALWAYS YOU COME HERE WITH YOUR CODES AND YOUR RULES AND YOUR NOSES IN THE AIR AND WE – WE, YOUR POOR, IGNORANT, CORRUPT COUNTRY COUSINS – WE ARE EXPECTED TO HOP TO YOUR TUNE!
WELL LET ME TELL YOU WE ARE NOT YOUR SERVING MAIDS! WE ARE NOT YOUR DOGS TO RUN AFTER YOU AND LICK UP YOUR SPITTLE! YOU DARE TO LOOK DOWN ON US!
MEGA-CITY ONE! YOU ASK YOURSELVES – ARE YOUR CITIZENS ANY HAPPIER THAN OURS?
I TAKE IT THE ANSWER'S NO.
AT LEAST WE ASKED.
THE REST IS UP TO DREDD.

I SEE YOU'VE MOVED UP IN THE HAB MARKET...
MOST OF THE BANANA CITY JUDGES LIVE ON THE HILL – WELL AWAY FROM THE UNWASHED MASSES. ME, I DON'T MUCH CARE...
GOTTA KEEP UP THE IMAGE, I GUESS.
EIGHT MIL, GIVE OR TAKE.
CHECK IT.
IN A WAY I'M GLAD YOU CAME. THIS ISN'T ME... I DON'T BELONG HERE...
OH, IT MIGHT BE MEAT AND DRINK TO THE BANANA BOYS – THEY'RE ONLY IN IT FOR THE MONEY. BUT TO A REAL JUDGE...
NO, GIVE ME THE STREETS OF MEGA-CITY ONE ANY DAY.
YOU TALK TOO MUCH, KURTEN.
YOU OPEN IT.
STILL THE WILY OLD FOX, EH? YOU NOTICED THE WAY I TURNED AWAY, DIDN'T LET YOU SEE MY FACE...
'COURSE, YOU WERE QUITE RIGHT – NERVE GAS, TRIGGERED BY OPENING THE LID.
YOUR RESPIRATOR WOULDN'T HAVE SAVED YOU – ABSORBED THROUGH THE SKIN.

BUT THERE ARE OTHER WAYS.
BLAST! ARM'S GONE NUMB —
THAT'S THE SECOND TIME I'VE CAUGHT YOU COLD!
SHOWIN' YOUR AGE, OLD MAN!
DAMN YOU! WHY DID YOU HAVE TO KEEP STICKING YOUR FACE IN? WHY COULDN'T YOU JUST LEAVE ME ALONE?
'COS YOU'RE A PSYCHO, KURTEN!
KILL HIM, BARRY! KILL HIM!

GUESS YOU'RE RIGHT, MO. HATE TO DO IT... GUY'S ONE OF THE ALL-TIME GREATS.
STILL, TIME CATCHES UP ON EVERY MAN...
FIRE
THINK AGAIN!
WHAAAAA-?
NURRRRRRRR
BARRRRRRRRR
PITY. WE COULD'VE HELPED YOU, KURTEN. YOU WEREN'T A BAD JUDGE.
MO, ON THE OTHER HAND...
THE END

JUDGE DREDD

SCRIPT JOHN WAGNER
ART JIM BAIKIE
LETTERING T FRAME

IN THE BATH

ZATES

EES DOWN HERE, MAN.

WHA' YA THEENK EES EEN THERE, JULIO?

SEARCH ME – BOT –

NO MITTANCE

THERE! WHAT I TELL YOU!

SHEEE–!

SOLID STEEL SECURITY DOORS–?

THEY DON' PUT THOSE OP FOR NOTHEENG, MAN.

EES GOTTA BE SOMETHEEN' BEEG.

REELY BEEG!

DUTY ROSTER

CONTROL, WE HAVE AN ATTEMPTED BREAK-IN. BASEMENT APARTMENT. ROWDY YATES.

YOU'RE JOKING!

I'VE GOT 'EM ON MONITOR NOW. CAN YOU SEND A UNIT?

WHAT THE HECK FOR? CAN'T **YOU** DEAL WITH IT?

NEGATIVE.

I'M IN THE BATH.

I DON'T BELIEVE THIS.

OLD MAN'S GETTING LAZY.

LET HIM SWEAT FOR A WHILE.

"WILCO. BE WITH YOU ASAP."

GROD!

THA' EES **TOFF**, MAN!

GIMME THA' DREEL!

ZEEEEEEE

WE'RE GONNA HAVE TO **BLOW** THEES SOCKER!

NERKS. DIDN'T THEY KNOW? MUST BE FROM OUTSIDE THE BLOCK.

THEY MIGHT JUST AS WELL BE BREAKING INTO THEIR OWN ISO-CUBES.

DEFINITE DAMAGE TO JUSTICE DEPT PROPERTY. HE OUGHT TO GET OUT AND DEAL WITH IT.

IN THE OLD DAYS CREEPS WOULD'VE BEEN ON THEIR WAY TO THE CUBES ALREADY.

THESE DAYS...

THINGS DIDN'T SEEM SO URGENT.

GIMME THE PLASTEEC, MAN—

SO JUST LEAVE IT. LET SOMEONE ELSE TAKE THE WEIGHT FOR A CHANGE...

IT FELT TOO GOOD JUST TO LIE BACK, SOAK THE OLD BONES, LET SOME OF THE WEARINESS SLIP AWAY...

THIS BODY... A PATCHWORK OF SCARS. ONCE HE COULD RECALL WHERE EACH ONE CAME FROM, BUT NOW... JUST TOO MANY...

AND THERE WERE THE ONES YOU COULDN'T SEE — THE TWISTS AND SPRAINS AND FRACTURES.

A BODY THAT HAD BEEN TORTURED, FORCED TO THE LIMIT OF ITS ENDURANCE TOO MANY TIMES.

STILL A GOOD MACHINE BUT — GETTING ON...

'KAY! GEBBACK, MAN—

JOS' HOPE NO STEENKIN' **JODGES** ARE LEESENIN'!

VOLT CELL

VABOOOOOOM

THANKS FOR YOUR HELP, CONTROL. BREAK-IN IS NOW ACTUAL.

BETTER SEND OVER A REPAIR SQUAD.

:COFF!:

:HACK!:

YES, HE REALLY OUGHT TO HAVE DEALT WITH IT...

HOLY GROD!

NOBODY EVER TEACH YOU CREEPS TO **KNOCK**?

I THEENK WE MAKE A BEEG MISTAKE!

THEENK QUEEK, JULIO...!

AH! GOOD EVENING, SENOR! YOU ARE NO' GONNA BELIEVE THEES. BUT MY COMPADRE AN' ME, WE ARE JOST WALKING BY AN' WE SEE THEES BAD MEN BLOWING OP YOUR DOOR! WHEN THEY SEE OS THEY RON OFF.

SI! RON LIKE THE WIND!

WELL, NATURALLY, BEIN' POBLIC-SPEERETED CEETIZENS, LIKE THE FLASH WE SAY: QUEEK! SOMEONE MAY BE HURT! LET'S GO AN' HELP!

SI! AN **DOBBLE** SI!

DON'T GIVE ME THAT. I SAW IT ALL ON MONITOR.

AH! EES NO SO GOOD.

WELL, EES NICE TO MEET YOU BOT NOW WE MUST BE GOEENG—

BDAMM!

BDAMM!

MADRE GROD!

HEY, SENOR! WOU' YOU BELIEVE WE ARE **SECURITY EXPERTS**?

SI! THA'S RIGHT! WE JOS' BLOW YOUR DOOR OFF TO SHOW YOU CAN NEVER BE **TOO** SECURE!

HOW ABOUT WE DO YOU A GOOD DEAL, EH? A BRAN' NEW DOOR AN' FIVE YEARS TO PAY...?

YOU CREEPS DON'T KNOW WHEN TO QUIT.

RICOCHET!

SPTANNING!

AHHHH!

YOU'LL FIND HANDCUFFS IN THE TOP DRAWER ON THE RIGHT.

HAN'COFFS... SI.

NEW IN THE CITY, ARE YOU?

SI. WE JOST COME EEN FROM MEX-CEET.

FIGURED SOMETHING LIKE THAT.

HOOK 'EM ROUND THE PIPE.

THAT'S IT, GOOD AND TIGHT...

SOMEONE WILL BE WITH YOU SOON. NOW IF YOU'LL EXCUSE ME —

I'M HAVING A BATH!

SHEEEEEEE!

YOU SAID EET, MAN!

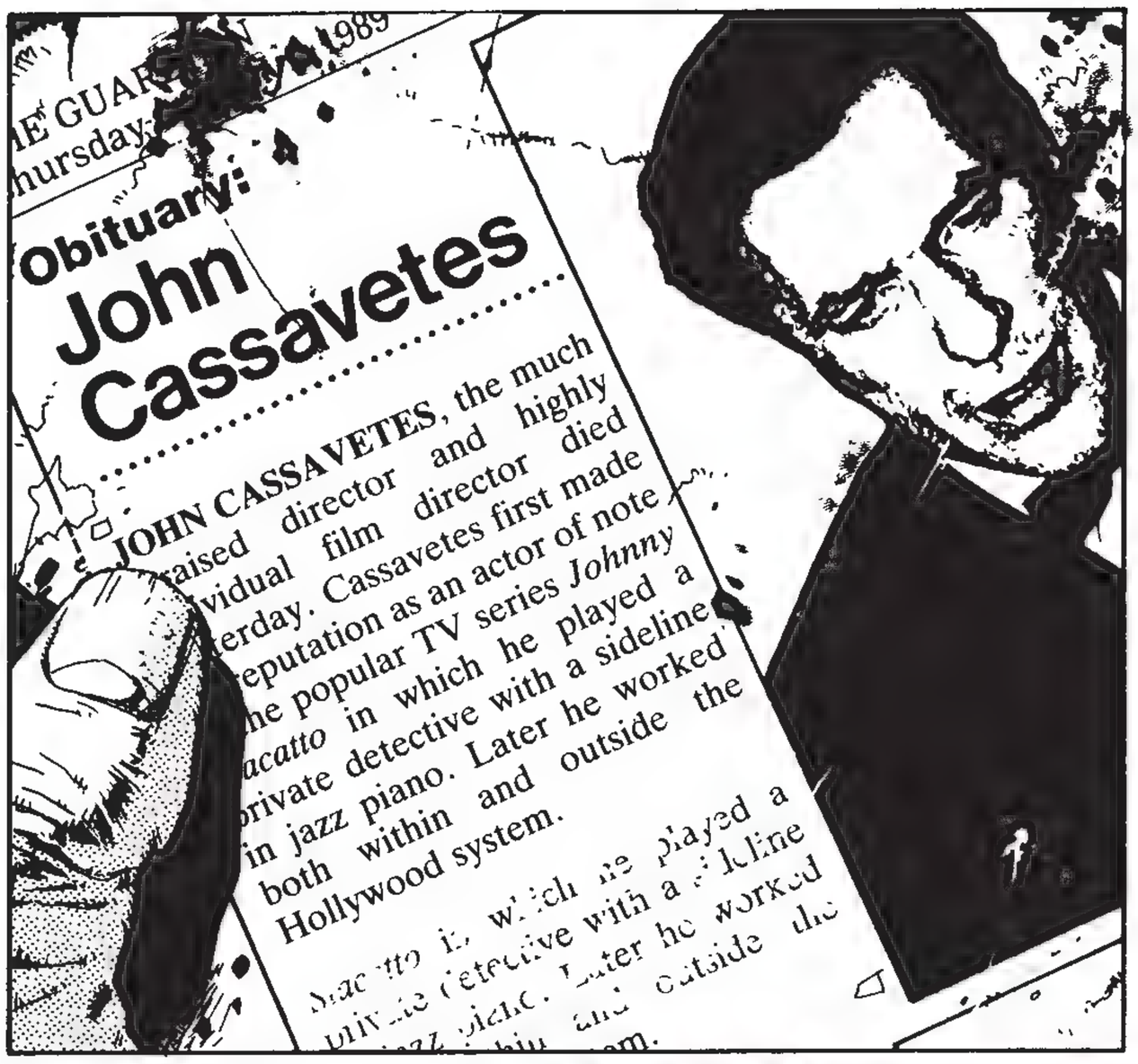
THE END

NEXT PROG: STACCATO!

JUDGE DREDD

JOHN CASSAVETES IS DEAD

SCRIPT ALAN GRANT
ART COLIN MACNEIL
LETTERING T. FRAME



WHY DID THEY **BAN** THEM? WHAT'S THE DANGEROUS **SECRET** THEY'RE SO OBVIOUSLY TRYING TO **HIDE**?

WHY DON'T THEY WANT US TO **KNOW**?

RAP! RAP!

RAP! RAP!

BENJAMIN TOENALE! YOU GOT FIVE SECONDS TO OPEN THIS DOOR, OR WE **BLOW** IT DOWN!

FLOO

250-350

S-SORRY! I...

NEVER MIND THE EXCUSES, GRANDAD. STAND ASIDE—

THIS IS A **CRIME BLITZ!**

BUT, JUDGE DREDD... THIS IS MY **HOME**! YOU CAN'T JUST BARGE IN AND —

CITIZEN, UNDER A **59C** WE CAN BARGE IN **WHERE**VER WE LIKE, ON **WHO**EVER WE LIKE, AND DO **WHAT**EVER WE LIKE.

BEST JUST ACCEPT IT AND LET US GET ON WITH THE JOB.

NOTHING UNDER THE FLOOR!

GOLDFISH CHECKS OUT WITH THE LICENCE DESCRIPTION!

licence

BUT— WHAT DO YOU THINK I'VE **DONE**? I'M AN OLD MAN, TOO OLD TO BE A CRIMINAL...

KITCHEN!

TOILET!

SO WHAT DO YOU EXPECT TO FIND? DEAD BODIES? YOU SUSPECT I KILL PEOPLE, IS THAT IT? OR DRUGS, MAYBE? YOU THINK I DEAL DOPE AND LIVE IN THIS CRUMMY HOLE?

TAKE IT EASY, OLD-TIMER. IF YOU'VE DONE NOTHIN', YOU'VE NOTHIN' TO FEAR FROM US.

IN HERE, DREDD!

THERE'S A FALSE BACK IN THE CLOSET. SECRET CHAMBER BEHIND IT!

YEAH? WE RAN INTO A CENTENARIAN THIS MORNIN' — WENT **FUTSIE** WITH FRAG GRENADES IN A MALL. SO DON'T TELL ME ABOUT TOO OLD, GRANDAD!

TOO OLD FOR CRIME, HUH, CREEP? THINKIN' OF OPENIN' A FISH'N'CHIPPERIE, ARE YOU?

HISTORY

POP ART

I'LL EAT MY BOOTS IF EVERY ONE OF THESE ISN'T A **RESTRICTED PUBLICATION.!**

HEAVY STUFF!

WHERE'D YOU GET THEM? STOLEN?

NO. THEY...THEY WERE A GIFT. FROM MY FATHER. HE PASSED THEM TO ME WHEN HE DIED, AS HIS FATHER PASSED THEM TO HIM.

WHAT FOR? HEDGIN' AGAINST THE DAY THEY'D BE WORTH A FORTUNE AS **ANTIQUES**?

NO. NOTHING TO DO WITH MONEY AT ALL.

THEY'RE FOR **READING**. FOR **THINKING** ABOUT FOR SPARKING **QUESTIONS** IN THE MIND.

YEAH. THEY'RE SPARKIN' **TEN YEARS** FOR YOU IN A CUBE, SCUZZ.

BUT **WHY**? WHAT **HARM** HAVE I DONE READING THEM? WHAT DOES IT MATTER IF PEOPLE **KNOW** THE SOVIETS LEFT AFGHANISTAN? WHY BAN NEWS OF A 120-YEAR-OLD FOOD POISON OUTBREAK?

WHY IS IT A **SECRET** THAT JOHN CASSAVETES IS DEAD?

DON'T ASK ME. I DON'T MAKE THE RULES. WELL, NOT **ALL** OF THEM!

NOW **MOVE!**

HEY, DREDD! BRING OUT SOME OF THOSE BUNDLES, WILL YOU?

HUH?

YEAH. SURE.

dian

STRANGE. NEVER REALLY THOUGHT ABOUT IT BEFORE.

SIMON

ACTION

CRISIS

Moby Dick

WHY **DO** WE HIDE SO MUCH OF THE PAST FROM THEM? WHO DECIDED WHAT THEY **COULD** OR **COULD NOT** KNOW.

WOULD IT REALLY MAKE THAT MUCH DIFFERENCE IF THEY KNEW JOHN CASSAVETES WAS DEAD?

38 TELEVISIO

Watching Brief

Francesca Turner

Nature: The Greening of Mrs Thatcher (BBC 2, **8.30**) This weekend Mrs Thatcher hosts a major international conference on saving the ozone layer and she talks here to Michael Buerk about her own attitudes to the environment in the light of her government s poor record on pollution problems

40 Minutes: Ghost Train ★ (BBC 2, **9.30**) This trawl of the paranormal includes a clairsentient who specialises in releasing souls trapped by the suddenness of their death Helen from Chorley, Lancashire has a merry monk in her cellar and 13-year-old Nicola saw her long-dead grandmother The Rev Jack Richardson blesses the remains of poor Kate Babington, a Puritan persecuted by her local clergy and imprisoned in her own house Her presence, it is said, is like a mighty rushing wind

WOULD ANYBODY **CARE?**

NEXT PROG: **10,000,000 MILES TO GO!**

JUDGE DREDD

GOOD MORNING, MEGA-CITY, AND WELCOME TO "**STAR FOR A DAY**" — THE PROGRAMME WHERE **SPECIAL PEOPLE** — AND SPECIAL **THINGS** — GET THE PUBLICITY AND TREATMENT THEY DESERVE!

10,000,000 IS A DANGEROUS AGE, CYNTHIA

THE STAR OF THIS MORNING'S SHOW IS **CYNTHIA**, A MOPAD WHOSE OWNERS PROUDLY CLAIM THAT SHE HASN'T STOPPED ONCE IN MORE THAN A **DECADE** ON THE ROAD!

FIGURE THAT, VIDDERS — 100 KILOMETRES AN HOUR, DAY IN, DAY OUT, FOR NEARLY TWELVE YEARS. YEP, YOU GOT IT — THAT'S PUSHIN' **TEN MILLION KAYS!**

CYNTHIA'S OWNERS ARE THE MUCH-TRAVELLED **WILLBURY** FAMILY. THAT'S THE TWINS, **DAV** AND **DAVINA**, NEITHER OF WHOM HAS SET FOOT ON SOLID SLAB SINCE THEY WERE **THREE** YEARS OLD!

IN THE ROCKING CHAIR, MATRIARCH **GRANOLA** "GRAN" **WILLBURY**. A WORD FOR THE VIDDERS, GRAN...?

EH?

THANK YOU, GRAN!

AT THE WHEEL, MR JEDDA WILLBURY. IN YOUR OWN WORDS, SIR — TELL US CYNTHIA'S STORY!

WELL, LESSEE NOW...

SCRIPT ALAN GRANT
ART COLIN MACNEIL
LETTERING T FRAME

GLAD TA MEET YA!

WE FIRST WENT MOBILE WAY BACK DURIN' THE **HOUSIN' CRISIS** OF '99, US AN' ABOUT TWENNY OTHERS. 'COURSE, THE JUDGES TOLD US IT'D ONLY BE FOR A COUPLE OF WEEKS, TILL THEY FOUND US PERMANENT HOMES.

HEAVY METAL KID

SOMEHOW IT DIDN'T WORK OUT THAT WAY. COME THE **ROBOT REVOLUTION**, WE WAS STILL ON WHEELS— NO THANKS TO THE **HEAVY METAL KIDS!**

MAKE WA[illegible]T BREAKFAST

WE WERE JUST COMIN' UP TO THE TOP OF THE LIST FOR TRANSFER TO A CITY-BLOCK, WHEN **BLOCK MANIA** BROKE OUT. FORTUNATELY, WE HAD OUR OWN BOTTLED WATER, SO WE WASN'T AFFECTED...

BUT IT SURE DIDN'T DO THE **HOUSIN' STOCK** MUCH GOOD!

THEN, OF COURSE, THE **SOVS** INVADED. WE FOUND SAFETY DRIVIN' ROUND A SHIELDED WEST SECTOR LOOP — BUT WHEN THE JUDGES DROVE 'EM OUT AGAIN, OUR CHANCE OF GETTIN' A HOUSE WAS **ZERO**. THERE WEREN'T HARDLY NONE **LEFT**!

TWELVE YEARS NON-STOP ON THE ROAD...TELL ME, SIR — WHAT HAS THIS INCREDIBLE ENDURANCE FEAT **TAUGHT** YOU?

TWO THINGS. FIRST, FOLKS WAS NEVER **MEANT** TO LIVE LIKE THIS. IT'S **UNNATURAL**. A MAN NEEDS A SOLID, STAY-PUT **FLOOR** UNDER HIS FEET!

AND SECOND – **NEVER** TRUST A **JUDGE!**

ER...QUITE! WELL, ON THE FIRST SCORE AT LEAST, MR WILLBURY, YOUR TROUBLES MAY SOON BE **OVER**.

NOT FAR AWAY IS THE **DON TRUMP TOWER** – MARKER POINT FOR YOUR **TEN MILLIONTH KILOMETER**. I'M HAPPY TO TELL YOU THAT WE AT "STAR FOR A DAY" HAVE ARRANGED FOR YOU TO TAKE OVER A **PERMANENT LEASE** ON THEIR GLITZIEST **LUX-APT**... YOUR REWARD FOR THE JOURNEY OF A LIFETIME!

10,000,000K WELL DONE, THE TRAVELLING WILLBURYS

REALLY? OH **WOW!** YOU DUNNO HOW **HAPPY** YOU'RE GONNA MAKE THIS FAMILY! WE **HATE** MOPAD LIFE!

WELL, JUST A FEW MORE KAYS AND YOU'LL BE HOME AND DRY!

JUDGE DNL

THERE'S NOTHING CAN STOP YOU NOW!

PULL HER OVER!

HUH? SAY WHAT?

YOU HEARD – PULL OVER. **NOW!**

AW, JUDGE, HAVE A HEART! JUST ANOTHER MINUTE OR TWO AN' WE'LL BE OFF THE ROAD FOR **KEEPS!**

YOU MIGHT NOT LAST THAT LONG! LOOKS LIKE YOU GOT A DEFECTIVE REAR TYRE. NOW HIT THE SHOULDER!

OH, WHAT A **BUMMER!** JUST OVER A KAY TO GO, AND THE WILLBURY'S WOULD HAVE BEEN ABLE TO EXCHANGE CYNTHIA FOR A BRIGHT NEW PENT-HOUSE APT!

SO NEAR AND YET SO FAR. I GUESS THAT'S LIFE IN THE BIG MEG!

WHAT YA THINK, HONEY? DO WE PULL OVER?

AND MISS THE ONLY CHANCE OF A HOUSE WE'LL EVER GET? **NO WAY, JOSE!**

GO FOR IT!

YEEE-**HAAA!**

HOLD ON, UP TOP!

EH?

EEEK!

YOU CAN ARREST ME LATER, JUDGE! RIGHT NOW IT'S **DON TRUMP TOWER** OR

BUST!

BAAANG!

AAAH!
DROKK!
SCREEEE!
DREDD TO CONTROL! EMERGENCY SQUADS TO DON TRUMP TOWER! THERE'S GONNA BE ONE ALMIGHTY **ACCIDENT!**
YOU TURNIN' **PSI**, DREDD?
SCREECH!
LOOK OUT! HE'S OUT OF CONTROL!
RUN!
OHMYSWEETGRUD!
AAGHH!
AHHH!
SMASH!

NEVER MIND - I HEARD IT! UNITS ON THEIR WAY!

AND THERE YOU HAVE IT, VIDDERS - PROOF, IF PROOF WERE NEEDED, THAT EVEN **STARS** CAN KNOW THE TERRIBLE TOUCH OF **TRAGEDY!**

BUT EVEN IN THE MIDST OF CATASTROPHE, **TRUE GRIT** AND THE INDOMITABLE **HUMAN SPIRIT** SHINES THROUGH...

GRANOLA WILLBURY - YOU HAVE JUST SEEN YOUR ENTIRE FAMILY **PERISH** AND YOUR HOME **DESTROYED.** YET YOU, A FRAIL OLD LADY, HAVE COME THROUGH UNSCATHED.

I HAVE NO HESITATION, ON BEHALF OF OUR VIEWERS, IN NOMINATING YOU OUR NEW "STAR FOR A DAY"!

EH?

THE END

JUDGE DREDD

A TOTAL NEAR-DEATH EXPERIENCE
PART ONE

KEEP STRUGGLING, CREEP, AND YOU'LL END UP IN **RESYK**...

LIKE I ALWAYS SAY, JOE — GIVE A PERP ENOUGH ROPE...

OH, **PLEASE**. I THINK I'M GONNA LOSE MY LUNCH!

SCRIPT ALAN GRANT
ART BARRY KITSON
LETTERING TOM FRAME

JUST SHUT YOUR —

UNNHHH!

YOU OKAY, ANDERSON?

YEAH... JUST SOME PSYCHIC TURBULENCE. LIKE SOMEONE WALKING OVER MY GRAVE...

AW, I WAS PLANNING TO DO THAT.

"ANOTHER PEEP OUT OF YOU, BITCH, AND **YOU'LL** BE ON YOUR WAY TO RESYK..."

I'M DEAD.

I DIDN'T MEAN TO DIE. I SHOULD BE SAD. BUT I'M NOT.

WHOOPS! THERE GOES MY **SPIRIT!**

INCREDIBLE! I NEVER EVEN KNEW I HAD ONE...

Robin '89

BUT THERE IT GOES, ITS COLD PALE FLESH CAST OFF LIKE ROTTING UNDERWEAR — THE CAGE OF GRAVITY SHATTERED AS IT STREAKS INSTINCTIVELY UP —

GOING HOME.

RESYK

I'M RUSHING THROUGH A TUNNEL...

I CAN SEE THE LIGHT, GOLDEN RAYS STREAMING, PULLING ME, FILLING ME WITH WONDER AND LOVE AND JOY...

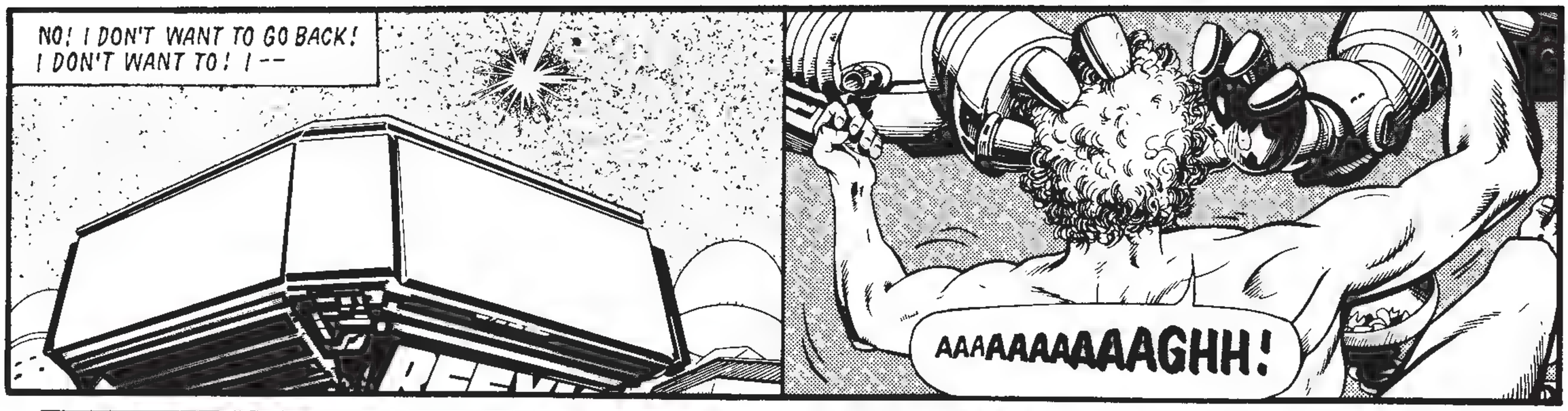
FORGIVING MY SINS, WASHING AWAY MY DIRTY GUILT.

RAPTURE!

BUT THEN...

IT STOPS!

DARK HANDS GRAB ME. THEY PULL ME BACK! I CAN'T RESIST...


NO! I DON'T WANT TO GO BACK! I DON'T WANT TO! I --
AAAAAAAAAAGHH!

AAAHHHH!
HOLY CHEEZES!
STOP THE BELT! THAT ONE'S STILL ALIVE!

GET HIM OFFA THERE! AN' SNAP IT UP — BEFORE THOSE STIFFS START JAMMIN' UP ON US!
CONTROL? MAIN BELT HERE. WE NEED THE MEDIC! AN' YOU BETTER CALL THE JUDGES.!
WE GOT US A RESURRECTION!
WASN'T OUR FAULT, JUDGE! FAR AS WE KNEW, HE WAS STIFF AS THE PROVERBIAL POST!

DON'T YOU **CHECK** 'EM BEFORE YOU START PROCESSING?

IF THERE'S ANY DOUBT – SURE, OF COURSE. BUT THIS ONE CAME IN WITH A **DEATH CERT** – ALL SIGNED AN' LEGAL!

DREDD

SWAB

DEATH CERTIFICATE

LAZARUS KOHLRABI. AGE 30. RESEARCH ASSISTANT, EDDY POE CARDIAC CLINIC. DIED AT WORK – HEART FAILURE. NO SUSPICIOUS CIRCUMSTANCES.

AUTHENTICATED BY THE CLINIC CHIEF.

YOU UP TO ANSWERIN' QUESTIONS, KOHLRABI?

HAVE A HEART, JUDGE. THE MAN'S JUST HAD ALL HIS **TEETH** RIPPED OUT!

I'VE GIVEN HIM A COMBINED SEDATIVE/RAPI-HEAL INJECTION. YOU CAN TRY HIM AGAIN IN A COUPLE OF HOURS.

YOU GOT A SCANNER HERE?

YES. OF COURSE.

GIVE KOHLRABI THE ONCE-OVER, JUST TO BE SAFE. KEEP ME INFORMED.

A LIVE STIFF — AND NO SUSPICIOUS CIRCUMSTANCES?

WE'LL SEE!...

JUDGE DREDD

A TOTAL NEAR-DEATH EXPERIENCE PART TWO

POST MORTEM CLINIC

YES – I SIGNED THE DEATH CERT. KOHLRABI WORKED FOR ME UNTIL SHORTLY BEFORE HE DIED.

SCRIPT
ALAN GRANT
ART
BARRY KITSON
LETTERING
TOM FRAME

WHAT HAPPENED? HE QUIT?

NO. I **FIRED** HIM FIRST THING THIS MORNING. THE MAN WAS **INCOMPETENT** – COULDN'T DO ANYTHING RIGHT!

KOHLRABI! LOOK OUT –

HE'D ONLY WORKED HERE A WEEK, BUT HE'D CAUSED MORE ACCIDENTS THAN WE USUALLY HAVE IN A YEAR!

THAT DOES IT! YOU'RE **FIRED!**

BUT – YOU CAN'T DO THAT! WITH DISMISSAL ON MY RECORD, I'LL **NEVER** GET ANOTHER JOB!

THAT'S YOUR CONCERN! JUST CLEAR YOUR DESK AND **GO!**

I'LL GET YOU FOR THIS, YOU OLD PRUNE! YOU AND YOUR WHOLE STINKING CLINIC!

AND THAT'S WHEN HE COLLAPSED AND DIED?

WELL, NO... I THOUGHT HE'D GONE, YOU SEE. IT WAS ABOUT HALF AN HOUR LATER WHEN I HEARD NOISES FROM THE MAINTENANCE STAIRS...

KOHLRABI! I THOUGHT I TOLD YOU TO --

WHAT IS IT? WHAT'S WRONG?

"HE DIED WITHOUT SAYING A WORD. ALL THE HALLMARKS OF A HEART ATTACK BROUGHT ON BY THE STRESS OF LOSING HIS JOB."

MAINTENANCE STAIRS RESTRICTED ACCESS

SO...I SIGNED THE DEATH CERT, HANDED HIM OVER TO **RESYK** – AND THAT'S THE LAST I --

CONTROL TO DREDD!

WE JUST HAD A SCAN-REPORT FROM RESYK – ON ONE LAZARUS KOHLRABI. SEEMS HE HAD MINUTE TRACES OF THE DRUG **CURARE** IN HIS SYSTEM!

CURARE?

A POISON – MADE FROM TREE BARK. IT'S A USEFUL TOOL IN CARDIAC RESEARCH – THOUGH EVEN THE TINIEST OF DOSES CAUSES LETHAL **HEART FAILURE** AND RESPIRATORY ARREST.

OBVIOUSLY NOT ALWAYS, IF THAT'S WHAT KOHLRABI TOOK! HE **DID** HAVE ACCESS, I TAKE IT?

WHY, YES – ALL THE RESEARCH ASSISTANTS HAVE. WE KEEP IT RIGHT HERE...

GONE! BUT...THERE WAS AT LEAST A FULL GRAM OF IT, IN SOLUTION. ENOUGH FOR – I DON'T KNOW, AT LEAST A **THOUSAND** LETHAL DOSES.

YET THE RESYK SCAN SAYS KOHLRABI ONLY CONTAINED A **SMALL** QUANTITY...

EXACTLY WHERE WAS HE WHEN YOU FOUND HIM?

COMING DOWN THE STAIRS FROM THE—

MAINTENANCE STAIRS

OH MY GOD!

THERE'S AN AUTOMATIC DISCHARGE AT ELEVEN EACH MORNING!

BUT SURELY YOU DON'T THINK—

VENT

10:59

OH MY GOD!

ELEVEN O'CLOCK! HEART CLINIC DISCHARGE - YOU CAN SET YOUR WATCH BY IT!

DREDD TO CONTROL! EMERGENCY SQUADS AND MED-TEAMS TO VICINITY EDDY POE CARDIAC CLINIC! MASS CURARE POISONING IN PROGRESS! I REPEAT—

MASS CURARE POISONING!

...OHLRABI!

LAZARUS KOHLRABI!

WE KNOW ABOUT THE CURARE. WHAT'D YOU DO—SPILL A DROP ON YOURSELF? COULDN'T EVEN DO THAT RIGHT, HUH?

JUST WANTED YOU TO KNOW - YOU GOT YOUR REVENGE.

717 PEOPLE DIED. BECAUSE YOU LOST YOUR JOB...

CREEP!

AAA-AAH! AAAH!

LAZARUS KOHLRABI, FOR PREMEDITATED MURDER AGAINST THE PEOPLE OF THIS CITY – **MY** PEOPLE – I HEREBY SENTENCE YOU TO **DEATH.**

STANDARD EXECUTION!

DON'T WORRY. CREEP WON'T BE GETTIN' UP THIS TIME ROUND!

THE END

JUSTICE DEPARTMENT

FORM S.P./101 : ACCIDENTAL DEATH OF A CITIZEN

STATEMENT BY: Judge Dredd DATE: 21.02.2110

Responding to a Bank Alarm Call, I arrived to find three armed perps fleeing the scene.

BANK

HOLD IT RIGHT THERE, CREEPS!

I gave them the statutory warning, then opened fire. My intention was to disable them as quickly as possible, to avoid injury to innocent citizens.

I pursued the remaining perp into Glebe Alley, noting that I was in a Speed Restriction Zone. I considered the situation merited overriding the limit.

40 KPH SPEED LIMIT

LOOK OUT! CLEAR THE WAY!

My warning went unheeded. I attempted to swerve and avoid her, but was unsuccesful.

After briefly trying to comfort the victim's son, I called back-up and continued my pursuit, catching and executing my quarry several streets away.

VERDICT: Over-riding Zone Limit in performance of duty is NOT a violation. No blame to be attached to Dredd.

ACTION: No Action.

JUDGE DREDD

A CHILD'S TALE

SCRIPT ALAN GRANT
ART C ROBINSON
LETTERING T FRAME

ONCE UPON A TIME THERE WAS A BIG, HUGE CITY.

HUNDREDS AND MILLIONS OF PEOPLE LIVED THERE. LOTS OF THEM WERE VERY SAD, 'COS THEY DIDN'T LIKE THE CITY. IT HAD TOO MANY BAD PEOPLE

THE BAD PEOPLE WERE CALLED "PERPS" AND "CREEPS". THEY ROBBED AND THEY SHOT SOME PEOPLE AND THEY SAID SWEAR-WORDS ALL THE TIME.

SHOOT THE *%&@* GUARDS!

WE GOT THE *£K€* MONEY! LET'S SCRAM, YOU PERPS!

SO THE CITY MADE THE LAW, WHICH SAID PEOPLE WHO DO BAD THINGS MUST BE PUNISHED. AND TO CARRY OUT THE LAW THEY MADE THE JUDGES --

HOLD IT RIGHT THERE, CREEPS!

THE JUDGES WERE TOUGHER THAN ANYONE ELSE, AND VERY BRAVE. ALSO THEY HAD BIG LAWGIVER GUNS. THEY KILLED A LOT OF PERPS. --

AND IF ANY GOT AWAY THEY ALWAYS CHASED THEM, EVEN IF IT MEANT THEY MIGHT GET SHOT, TOO.
THERE'S NO ESCAPE FROM THE LAW!
SOMETIMES SOME GOOD PEOPLE GOT IN THE WAY OF A PERP CHASE, AND THEN JUDGES SAID SWEAR-WORDS, TOO --
DROKK!
LOOK OUT! CLEAR THE WAY!
WUMP!
SWEET GRUD! DIDN'T YOU HEAR ME? WHAT'S THE MATTER - ARE YOU...

DEAFCLUB

Oh.

SOMETIMES EVEN GOOD PEOPLE DO BAD THINGS, 'SPECIALLY WHEN THEY'RE UPSET. MAYBE ALL BAD PEOPLE START OFF BEING GOOD, BUT THEN SOMETHING HAPPENS AND THEY GET UPSET AND THEN THEY GET BAD.

YOU KILLED MY **MOM!** YOU **KILLED** MY MOM!

I HATE YOU! IHATEYOUIHATEYOU!

TAKE IT EASY, SON. IT WAS AN ACCIDENT – IT COULDN'T BE HELPED.

HERE – SOMEBODY BETTER TAKE CARE OF HIM.

DEAF CLUB

DREDD TO CONTROL! MEAT-WAGON REQUIRED, GLEBE ALLEY. BETTER SEND A SOCIAL WORKER, TOO; THERE'S A BOY NEEDS COUNSELLING.

IT WAS AN ACCIDENT. IT COULDN'T BE HELPED.

THEY PUT MY MOM IN A MEAT-WAGON. AND IT COULDN'T BE HELPED.

NOW I'm UPSET ALL THE TIME. SOMETIMES I FEEL MAD.

SOMETIMES I FEEL LIKE BEING VERY BAD.

But MOSTLY I'm JUST SAD. I DON'T UNDERSTAND. HOW CAN THE LAW BREAK THE LAW AND STILL STAY GOOD? MAYBE THAT MEANS OTHER GOOD PEOPLE COULD BE BAD But STILL BE GOOD, TOO. IT HURTS My HEAD.

I JUST WANT MY MOM BACK.

BY BILLY LOVAGE.

BEEN THREE MONTHS SINCE IT HAPPENED. TAKING HIM A LONG TIME TO GET OVER IT.

MMM. NO FATHER, YOU SEE. THAT'S THE PROBLEM.

EVIDENTLY HE TOOK OFF WHEN BILLY WAS A BABY. HIS MOTHER WAS ALL THE BOY HAD. AND WITH HER BEING DEAF, THERE WAS A SPECIAL BOND BETWEEN THEM.

SMALL WONDER IT'S HIT HIM SO HARD.

YOU STILL DON'T THINK I SHOULD SEE HIM FACE TO FACE, TRY TO EXPLAIN —

OH, DEFINITELY NOT! THAT COULD BE DISASTROUS. PERHAPS IN A YEAR OR SO, WHEN HE'S ABLE TO **COPE** WITH THE WORLD AGAIN.

YOU CAN KEEP CALLING BY, IF YOU LIKE, BUT REALLY IT'S BETTER TO LEAVE HIM TO US. WE'LL BRING HIM OUT OF IT, SLOWLY BUT SURELY.

YEAH. I HOPE YOU'RE RIGHT, DOC.

ME, I HAVE MY DOUBTS...

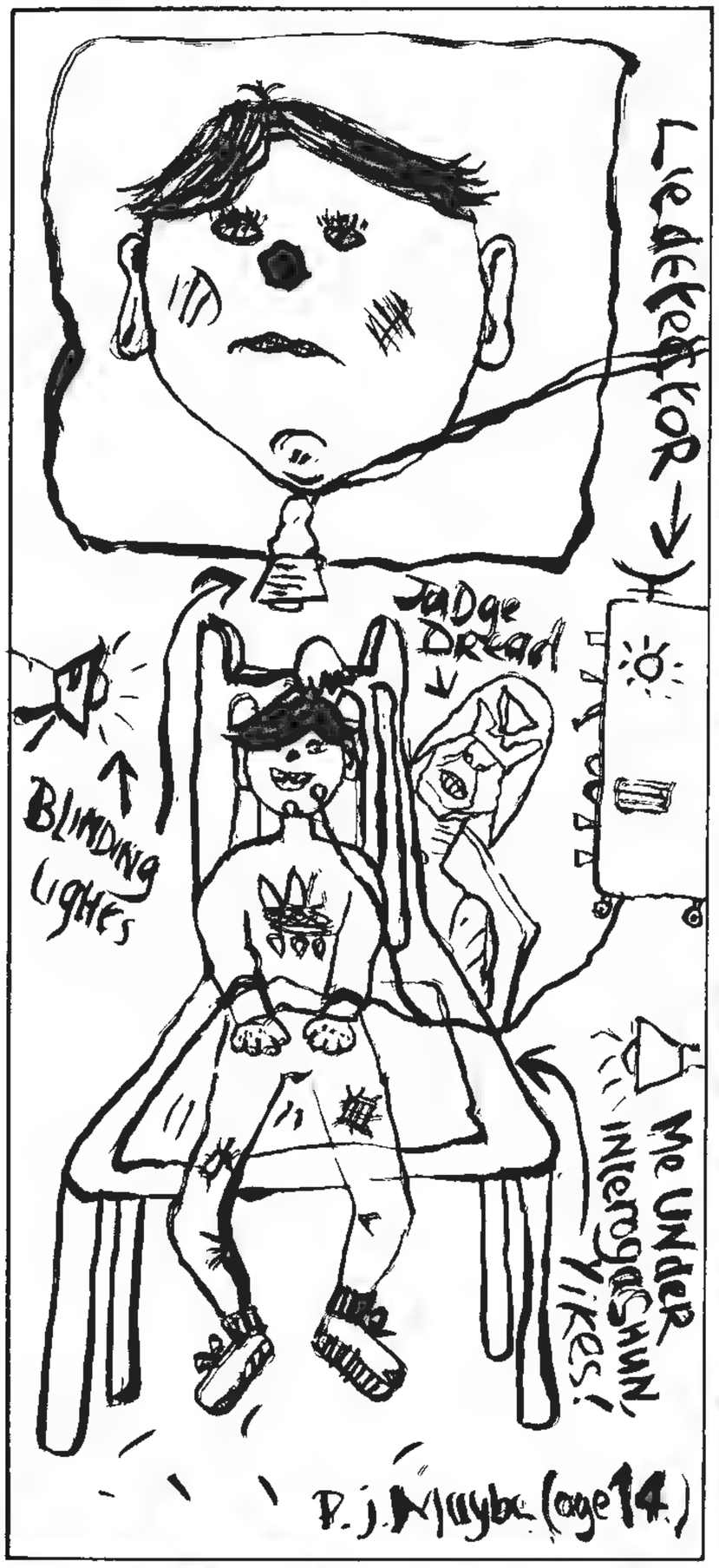
"IN THIS CITY, SEEMS NOBODY **EVER** GETS A HAPPY ENDIN'."

THE END

The Confeshuns of P.J. Maybe,

PART ONE

JUDGE DREDD



YOU'RE CONFESSING TO THE **MURDER** OF **ALGER HOSS**, CORRECT?

YES, AND I'D LIKE THIRTEEN OTHER MURDERS TAKEN INTO CONSIDERATION.

THIRTEEN?

YEAH.

DON'T MESS US AROUND, KID.

PERISH THE THOUGHT.

PUPILDILATION NIL

LIE DETECTOR CHECKS.

NICE KID

SUBJECT P.J.

RESPIRATION NORMAL

VASO DILAT METABOLISM

CH. IN HT.RATE NIL

INSUFICIE

HEART NORMAL

DO THESE MURDERS INCLUDE YOUR COUSINS WATT AND WILBUR YESS?

AND UNCLE FUSTER TOO. BUT THEY WEREN'T THE FIRST.

YOU BETTER START AT THE BEGINNING, P. J.

I gess my luck nad to run out Somtime I don't blame anyone but myself reely. I got overconfidant, I went too far. Thats tne trubble when things go so well for so long you begin to think nuthing can go wrong. No way are those judges go gn to catch you

MAUSOLEUM

After Uncle Fusty's timely deathwe moved into nis big manshion on the hill. I like it a lot becos tnere are so many rooms for me and Liana to be alone in.

AHH... THAT'S NICE

Liana's older than me but I like that too. She's got great hands and she knows all the right places to touch...

P.J., WOULD YOU TAKE ME TO THE TRUCCO CLUB TONIGHT? JUJI MOWSER'S APPEARING AND HE'S EVER SO FUNNY I KNOW IT'S EXPENSIVE BUT—

NO PROB

It suits Liana too She says i'm very grown up for my age and anyway, age diffrences don't matter so much noww that we're filthy rich.

OF COURSE I'LL NEED A NEW OUTFIT...

SURE, LIANA. ANYTHING YOU WANT.

JUST A LITTLE TO THE LEFT THERE ..

So everything was going great – until the Judges dropped a bom on us. .

MMM, RIGHT...

WE'RE RUINED! RUINED!

WHAT'S THE MATTER, DEAR ?

"Emphat,Cally Yess" makes trowsers for the Judges Weve made them for over 20 years. Its "Solid Gold" as Uncle Fusty used to say

WE'VE BORROWED HEAVILY TO FINANCE THE NEW LINES! WITHOUT THAT CONTRACT HALF OUR TURNOVER IS GONE! WE'LL NEVER MAKE THE REPAYMENTS!

Anyway, now the Yesses are all gone we (the Maybes) run the company. Its called "Emphatically Yess". Dad is the maneging directer and Ma handles the bisness side of things. She's very bisness minded, my Ma, beeng a Yess by Birth.

HOSS BROS. THAT'S WHAT'S THE MATTER! THEY SUBMITTED A COMPETITIVE TENDER! THE **JUDGES** HAVE GIVEN THE CONTRACT TO THEM!

IS THAT BAD, P.J ?

YEAH. WE COULD LOSE EVERYTHING.

I...HOPE THIS WON'T MAKE ANY DIFFERENCE TO **us**, LIANA...

But I could see that it would somehow I had to make shure Hoss bros didn't keep that contract.

FRANK AND RODA SWINDLEY, APARTMENT 67K, BERGER BLOCK. KILLED BY INJECTION OF LETHAL SUBSTANCE. CASE AS YET UNSOLVED.

YOU ?

WEDDING — PHOTO

THEY LIVED A FEW FLOORS AWAY I KNEW NOBODY'D EVER CONNECT ME W.Th THEM.

IT WAS JUST A TEST RUN, REALLY I WAS TRYING OUT A ROBOT I MADE — I USED IT LATER ON UNCLE FUSTER

YOU'RE CLAIMING .T WAS **YOU** WHO GAVE FUSTER YESS **PURPLE SORE FEVER** ?

A TERRIBLE WAY TO GO, I KNOW

I FELT REALLY SORRY FOR HIM. BUT IT HAD TO BE DONE. HE WAS THE LAST LINK...

THARG NOTE: FOR FULL DETAILS OF PJ'S NEFARIOUS ACTIVITIES, SEE PROGS 534, 592-594, 599

The reely gooD thing about havinG Uncle fusty's money was I could By the very best Equipment.
FRAgile
for P.J. Love Liana
P.J.s PriviT CuBerd
Sl.d Mk 2
HAVE AN UGLY DAY!!!
It aloud me to make a varyant of SLD 89, the hypnogenetic I'd used to Kill cousin WaTT.
The process was verY complicated. I couldn't have doNe it with My old setup. Im shure old Fusty would be veRY prowd of the way I'd used his money
Chester and Alvis Hoss ran Hoss Bros, our bigGest rivals in the trowser Bisness. I'd met chesTer before at trowser convenshuns an' things so it was'nt dificult geTTing to seE him

I gess he was glad of the oppertunity to gloat...

IF YOU RE HERE TO BEG FOR THAT CONTRACT BACK, KID, YOU'RE BACKING THE WRONG HOSS! HA HA!

BET YOUR OLD MAN S GOT ON THE BROWN TROUSERS NOW, EH? HA HA!

HE'S CERTAINLY NOT VERY HAPPY, MR HOSS.

HAVE A CANDY.

NO HARD FEELINGS, I SEE! JUST LIKE YOU MAYBES! HA HA! LICK THE HAND THAT BEATS YOU! NOW OLD FUSTER, HE'D **NEVER** TAKE DEFEAT LYING DOWN –

AND NEITHER WILL I, YOU BIG TUB OF LARD!

NOW DON T YOU THINK IT'S TIME YOU STARTED TELLING THE **TRUTH**?

THE TRUTH .. YES ..

SLD 89 renDers the vicTim totally open to suggestion, and even when the druG has worn off the sugesstion stays implanTed in the brain, just like Hypnosis, only more relyable

If all this didn't work out maybe ia have to consider using it on Liana.....

Next Prog: **MORE CONFESHUNS**

JUDGE DREDD

SCRIPT JOHN WAGNER
ART LIAM SHARP
LETTERING TOM FRAME

AFTER FRANK AND RODA SWINDLEY YOUR NEXT VICTIM WAS YOUR COUSIN, WILBUR YESS?

YEAH. WHILE THEY WERE V.I.S.TING I ADJUSTED THE GYRO OF WILBUR'S POD — NOT SO'S ANYONE WOULD NOTICE BUT ENOUGH TO PUT THE STEERING OUT.

WILBUR HAD IT COMING. HE WAS ALWAYS LORDING IT OVER MY DAD.

PITY ABOUT THE POD THOUGH. THAT WAS A '96 STRATOSPR.TE

YOU REALISE **SEVEN** BYSTANDERS WERE **KILLED** IN THAT CRASH? DON'T YOU FEEL ANY GUILT — REMORSE?

YEAH. I GUESS...

BUT IT WAS PARTLY WILBUR'S FAULT TOO. HE SHOULD'A CHOSE A SAFER PLACE TO CRASH.

PSYCHOPATHIC TENDENCIES

TENDENCIES?

AND AFTER WILBUR, WATT YESS?

HE WAS EASY. I USED **SLD 88** ON HIM — I USED SOMETHING SIMILAR ON CHESTER HOSS

CHESTER HOSS? YOU KILLED **HIM** TOO?

UH-UH. FAR AS I KNOW, CHESTER'S STILL ALIVE...

The Confeshuns of P.I. Maybe.

PART TWO

Onse I'd given chester Hoss the hypno drug all i had to do was implanT a sugestion in his brAin an sit back to waTch the fun...

duh

"you ARE in my Power! you big fat SLOB"

SEVEN-O – THE BUSINESS SHOW. IT SAYS THAT RAT CHESTER HOSS IS ON!

HOLO VID

Of coarse I told ChesTer to forget whAt'd happned – wouldn't waNt anyone linkink His preformance Back to me.

Mike

CHESTER HOSS, CO-DIRECTOR OF **HOSS BROS** – YOUR COMPANY HAS JUST WON THE JUSTICE DEPARTMENT TROUSER CONTRACT OVER LONG-TIME RIVALS "**EMPHATICALLY YESS.**" CAN YOU TELL US HOW THIS COUP WAS ACHIEVED?

QUITE SIMPLE, MIKE – WE PUT IN A BID 20 PER CENT BELOW **COST** PRICE. NO WAY **EMPHATICALLY YESS** COULD MATCH THAT

YOU'RE SAYING YOU'RE ACTUALLY MAKING A **LOSS** ON THE DEAL?

CONSIDERABLE. BUT DON'T WORRY, WE'LL JUST PUT UP THE PRICE OF ALL OUR OTHER LINES – REALLY **SOAK** THE SUCKERS FOR EVERYTHING WE CAN GET.

BUT THE PUBLIC –

THE PUBLIC ARE **MORONS.** YOU COULD SELL THEM ANYTHING.

I'VE BROUGHT ALONG ONE OF NEW LINES TO SHOW YOU. WE CALL IT OUR "EMPEROR PANT".

WHAT D'YOU THINK? A SNIP AT 99.99 !

BUT THERE'S NOTHING THERE-!

EXACTLY! AND WITH THE "BY APPOINTMENT" STAMP ON THEM WE'LL SELL A MILLION BEFORE ANY OF THE DUMB CLUCKS REALISE !

LIKE I SAID YOU CAN SELL THE PUBLIC ANYTHING. IN THIS CASE WE'RE SELLING THEM **NOTHING**! HA HA!

I DON'T BELIEVE THIS !

HE'S GONE STARK STARING MAD !

All i did was tell Chester to tell the truth But the truth can be a dangerus weapon. Thats why bisness men prefer to tell Lies. Ive noticed that.

OF COURSE, ONCE **EMPHATICALLY YESS** GOES OUT OF BUSINESS WE'LL JUST JACK UP OUR PRICE TO THE JUDGES AGAIN. THEY WON'T HAVE ANYONE ELSE TO TURN TO. WE'RE GOING TO MAKE A MINT! A MINT!

BY THE WAY, MIKE, DID ANYONE EVER TELL YOU WHAT A STUPID-LOOKING GINK YOU ARE ?

HALLELUJAH! HE'S PLAYED RIGHT INTO OUR HANDS! THE JUDGES ARE **BOUND** TO GIVE US BACK THAT CONTRACT!

HI, LIANA. WHY DON'T YOU COME ROUND FOR A WHILE ? I'VE GOT SOME GOOD NEWS.

AND WHEN YOU'D KILLED BOTH YOUR COUSINS YOUR UNCLE FUSTER WAS THE FINAL OBSTACLE TO INHERITING THE YESS FORTUNE...

IT WAS A STROKE OF LUCK REALLY — PASSING THAT ISOLATION WARD. THE IDEA JUST HIT ME ALL OF A SUDDEN. AFTER WATT AND WILBUR, UNCLE FUSTY'S DEATH HAD TO BE ABOVE SUSPICION. PURPLE SORE FEVER WAS JUST THE ANSWER.

I DID HAVE DOUBTS... GRAVE DOUBTS. BUT A THIRTEEN-YEAR-OLD BOY...

YOU COULDN'T BELIEVE IT, COULD YOU? ME BEING SUCH A DUNCE AND ALL.

I CHECKED ON CHESTER HOSS — HE'S STILL ALIVE, ALL RIGHT. AT PRESENT CONFINED TO A PRIVATE SANATORIUM, SECTOR 46.

THEY COULDN'T TAKE HIM TELLING THE **TRUTH** ALL THE TIME —

PEOPLE CAN'T STAND THAT — THEY'RE NOT USED TO IT. IT DISTURBS THEM. GIVE HIM ANOTHER DOSE OF **SLD 89** AND TELL HIM HE CAN START LYING AGAIN. THAT OUGHT TO CURE HIM.

AND THAT BRINGS US TO THE MURDER OF ALGER HOSS.

UH, NOT QUITE...

THERE WAS RUDNEY CLOWES... HE WAS MY GIRLFRIEND'S EX. IT WAS ME WHO LEFT THE COPPER FOIL SURFPANTS OUTSIDE HIS DOOR, SO HE GOT STRUCK BY LIGHTNING. I GUESS YOU COULD CALL THAT MURDER, COULDN'T YOU...?

SUBJECT ALGER HOSS
DOB
ECHT

Alger Hoss wasn't meant to Die. It was all a terible accident...

YOU IDIOT, CHESTER!

I'VE BEEN TALKING MYSELF HOARSE TRYING TO PASS YOUR STATEMENTS OFF AS A PRACTICAL JOKE! I'VE HAD TO GUARANTEE THE JUDGES A FIVE-YEAR DEAL AT **30** PERCENT BELOW COST.

IF WE'RE NOT VERY CAREFUL THIS COULD **BREAK** US! WHAT ON EARTH GOT INTO YOU TO **SAY** SUCH DAMNED FOOL THINGS?

I DO, ALGER. I LIKE TELLING THE TRUTH.

POINT PROVEN!

I JUST TOLD THE **TRUTH**, ALGER. IS THAT A CRIME?

IT IS WHEN IT'S GOING TO **RUIN** US! GOOD GRUD, MAN! NOBODY IN THEIR RIGHT **MIND** TELLS THE TRUTH!

BY THE WAY, WHILE WE'RE ON THE SUBJECT – REMEMBER WHEN YOU WERE EIGHTEEN AND YOU STARTED WETTING YOUR BED AGAIN...?

WHAT'S **THAT** GOT TO DO WITH ANYTHING?

I HAVE TO BE HONEST – IT WAS **ME!**

YOU? WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?

I USED TO SNEAK IN AND DO IT AFTER YOU WENT TO SLEEP. SPLISH SPLASH, ALL OVER YOU. YOU WERE SUCH A SOUND SLEEPER.–

I'D LIKE TO TELL YOU HOW SORRY I AM – BUT TO BE HONEST I'M NOT A BIT SORRY. IT WAS A DARNED GOOD LAUGH! HA HA!

LITTLE ALGY WETPANTS, WE USED TO CALL YOU IT GOT SO YOU WERE FRIGHTENED TO GO TO SLEEP, REMEMBER? HA HA! BUT IN THE END YOU'D ALWAYS DROP OFF...THEN IN I'D SNEAK! HA HA!

YOU'RE SICK, CHESTER! YOU KNOW THAT? SICK!

I'M SICK? **YOU'RE** THE ONE WHO TELLS LIES.

NO! THEY CAN'T–

HELL RAG

HOSS DROSS

FIVE YEAR DEAL

SOMETHING WRONG, P.J.?

WHAT—?

JOKES ON HOSS BROS.

UH, NO, LIANA. NOTHING.

I could'nt beleive it when I read the report. Hoss bros had taken a bigger loss than they figgered on but it didn't help us any. They still had the Contrct.

Just went to show you could never trust the JudGes.

GIR80

I considred riting to Justis dept to complain but decided that was'nt too smart. Insted I flew over to Hoss Bros.

P.J. MAYBE TO SEE YOU, MR ALGER.

if Emphatically Yess was going to get that contract back then I had to give the judGes somthing they COULD'NT turn a bLind eye too...

JUST COME TO OFFER MY CONDOLENCES. HOPE MR CHESTER IS FEELING BETTER.

NOT THAT I'VE NOTICED! THE MAN'S MAD! I'M HAVING HIM COMMITTED!

HAVE A CANDY

JUST A MINUTE—

YOU WERE HERE THE OTHER DAY, WEREN'T YOU? WOULDN'T BE AT ALL SURPRISED IF **YOU** HAD SOMETHING TO DO WITH MY BROTHER'S LUNATIC BEHAVIOUR!

ME? PERISH THE THOUGHT!

DAMNED LITTLE YESS SPY! WHO INVITED YOU HERE ANYWAY?

DISGUSTING LITTLE CREATURE! GRUD KNOWS WHERE IT'S BEEN!

GO ON! TAKE YOUR CANDY AND GET OUT OF HERE!

PLUT!

BIN IT!

MK VIII

A SETBACK.

FAR BETTER ALL ROUND IF ALGER HAD DUN THE DECENT THING AND EATEN THE CANDY. NO MESSY DEATH, NO BLOOD ALL OVER THE PLACE. BUT THAT WAS ALGER HOSS ALL OVER – NO CONSIDERASHUN FOR ANYONE BUT HIMSELF.

ACME SIMULACRUM KIT 9980

D-I-Y FACEMOULD

ACME ROBOTIKS INC

I DECIDED TO AVOID ANY MORE KILLING IF POSSIBLE. WHAT WITH OUR RELATIVES DIEING THE JUDGES WOULD GET REELY SUSPISHUS IF OUR COMPETITERS STARTED POPPING OFF AS WELL.

STILL, THE WAY I FIGGERED IT THERE WAS MORE THAN ONE WAY TO SKIN A HOSS.

NEXT PROG: YET MORE CONFESHUNS.

THE CONFESHUNS OF P.J. MAYBE

PART 3 OF

I thought if Alger Hoss was involved in somthing reely criminal then the judGes definitely wouldn't by trowsers from them Any more. it'd be like sponsering crime - very bad for they're imaGe. Then of corse we'd get the contract back and evrythinG would be the same again except that chesTer Hoss would be in a Psyco clinic and Alger would be in the cuBes whicH is intresting and diffrent for me cos i usually speshulise in killinG people...

Me making A RoboT

RECONISE THIS FAT face! (UGLY To)

AGE 14

JUDGE DREDD

SCRIPT JOHN WAGNER
ART LIAM SHARP
LETTERING T FRAME

YOUR BROTHER'S BIG MOUTH COST YOU A PACKET ON THE JUSTICE DEPT CONTRACT - HOSS BROS SALES HAVE SLUMPED BY 30 PERCENT - YOU NEED BIG MONEY FAST OR THE COMPANY COULD - PARDON THE EXPRESSION - LOSE ITS PANTS...

EVER THOUGHT OF GOING INTO THE **STOOKIE** BUSINESS, ALGER?

THE YOUTH DRUG? THAT'S HIGHLY ILLEGAL! CERTAINLY NOT!

THINK, ALGER - ONE BIG STOOKIE DEAL IS WORTH A **YEAR** OF SELLING TROUSERS. IT WOULD SOLVE ALL YOUR PROBLEMS.

THIS IS OUTRAGEOUS! WHO IS THIS?

CLIP ON SCRAMBLER 'Deep throat II'

ALGER? ALGER HOSS?

YES.

I UNDERSTAND YOU'RE IN A BIT OF A **FIX**, ALGER.

WHAT DO YOU MEAN?

BETTER YOU DON'T KNOW THAT YET, ALGER. IF YOU'RE INTERESTED, BE AT THE **RAT RUN BAR** TONIGHT AT EIGHT. I'LL KNOW WHO YOU ARE.

I'VE HAD QUITE ENOUGH OF THIS! I'M HANGING UP!

THAT'S FINE, ALGER. JUST REMEMBER, I'LL BE THERE.

THINK ABOUT IT.

THE CALL WAS AUTOMATICALLY RECORDED BY THE HOSS BROS SWITCHBOARD.

YOU EXPECTED THAT?

SURE. I KNEW YOU JUDGES WOULD FIND IT WHEN YOU CHECKED

IT WAS THE FIRST PIECE OF THE JIGSAW. IT ESTABLISHED CONTACT BETWEEN ALGER HOSS AND A STOOKIE DEALER, IDENTITY UNKNOWN.

YOU DIDN'T EXPECT ALGER TO TURN UP?

'COURSE NOT. BUT I DIDN'T NEED HIM TO. I HAD MY **OWN** ALGER.

The RAT RUN was a well known hangout for lowlifes. I heard about it from Liana. Her uncle Viney's pal Mungo used to be A smalltime Stookie man. She even knew where he got his supplys of the Youth drug from...

It wasn't exactly Alger's kind of place. People would remember him. But I intended to make sure of it...

At trowser Convenshuns all Alger ever drank was soya milk Fizz. It was his favorit tipple.

SOYA MILK FIZZ ? YOU'RE KIDDIN'! THIS IS A BAR, PAL, NOT A SODEY FOUNTAIN!

LAW 'Bidin CiT

1000.00

1000 CRED

SERVE THE DRINK, SIR, OR I'LL **BUY** THIS CESSPIT AND THROW YOU OUT ON YOUR EAR!

I'LL HAVE TO GET CHANGE—

JUST KEEP IT. DRINKS ALL ROUND.

GOOD ON YA, PALSY!

LAW 'Bidin CiT

GENE GO SOLO

I'M SURE I SEEN HIS MUG SOMEWHERE BEFORE...

THERE'S MORE WHERE THAT CAME FROM.

WATCHA WANT IN HERE, KID?

JUST SOME CHANGE FOR THE PHONE, PLEASE, MISTER.

LECH JONSON?

THE NAME'S HOSS, ALGER HOSS.

I KNOW YOU, MR HOSS.

I HEAR YOU'RE THE MAN TO COME TO IF YOU WANT TO STAY YOUNG AND BEAUTIFUL... KNOW WHAT I MEAN?

THIS ISN'T EXACTLY YOUR USUAL LINE OF BUSINESS, HOSS.

LET'S SAY I'M EXPANDING.

WASSAMATTA, **TROUSERS** WON'T **HOLD** YOU NO MORE? HAHAHAHAHA.

SHUDDUP!

BPSS

YOU'VE BEEN MISINFORMED, HOSS. I'M STRICTLY LEGIT.

YES, AND THE CHIEF JUDGE LOVES US ALL, TOO. DON'T KID ME, MR JONSON.

I'M TALKING **TEN MIL** HERE. THAT CAN BUY A LOT OF BEAUTY TREATMENT — FOR BOTH OF US.

THINK ABOUT IT. I'LL BE IN TOUCH.

PHOT

The whole bar Had seen Alger meeting up WitH a kNOWN stookie dealer Things were progressing nicely. I could just picture those JuDges on bended knees BegginG dad to make them trowsers agAin.

The last thing I expected was to find the REEL Alger Hoss waiting outside!

I never figgered an old Algy beeing so Greedy!

WHAT THE DEVIL—? IT-IT'S **ME!**

YOU! WHAT'S GOING ON HERE? WHO ARE YOU?

I'M ALGER HOSS — IF IT'S ANY OF YOUR BUSINESS, SIR.

YOU CAN'T BE ALGER HOSS! I'M ALGER HOSS!

The situation called for emergency action.

COME BACK HERE, YOU!

UNGGG!

"MIDNITE X-PRESS"

LOOK OUT!

SCREE

E X-PRESS
XAVIER BLOCK FREE PRESS

UHHHH!

Alger might've died from his injeries even if the muGGers hadn't got him, its hard to say...

THERE HE IS!

150 LOUSY CREDS! THAT'S ALL!

SCUMBALL!

I'LL TEACH YOU TO MESS US AROUND!

WHAPPPP!

UHHHH

HEY, MAYBE THIS COULD WORK OUT EVEN BETTER!

CONTROL TO ANY UNIT VICINITY RAT RUN! CALLER REPORTS **ARV** IN PROGRESS!

DREDD! I'LL TAKE IT!

IN THE NORMAL WAY, YOU'D HAVE COME ALONG, SHOT THE PERPS, FOUND OUT ALGER'D BEEN TRYING TO MAKE A STOOKIE BUY —

AND WE'D HAVE HAD NO OPTION BUT TO CANCEL THE CONTRACT WITH HOSS BROS.

IT WAS JUST BAD LUCK, THAT'S ALL. BAD, ROTTEN LUCK...

YOU CREEPS! STOP RIGHT THERE!

I SAID **HOLD IT!**

AHHH!

BLAMM! BLAMM!

DREDD

YOU DON'T LISTEN!

BAM!
BAM!
BAM!

UHHHHH!

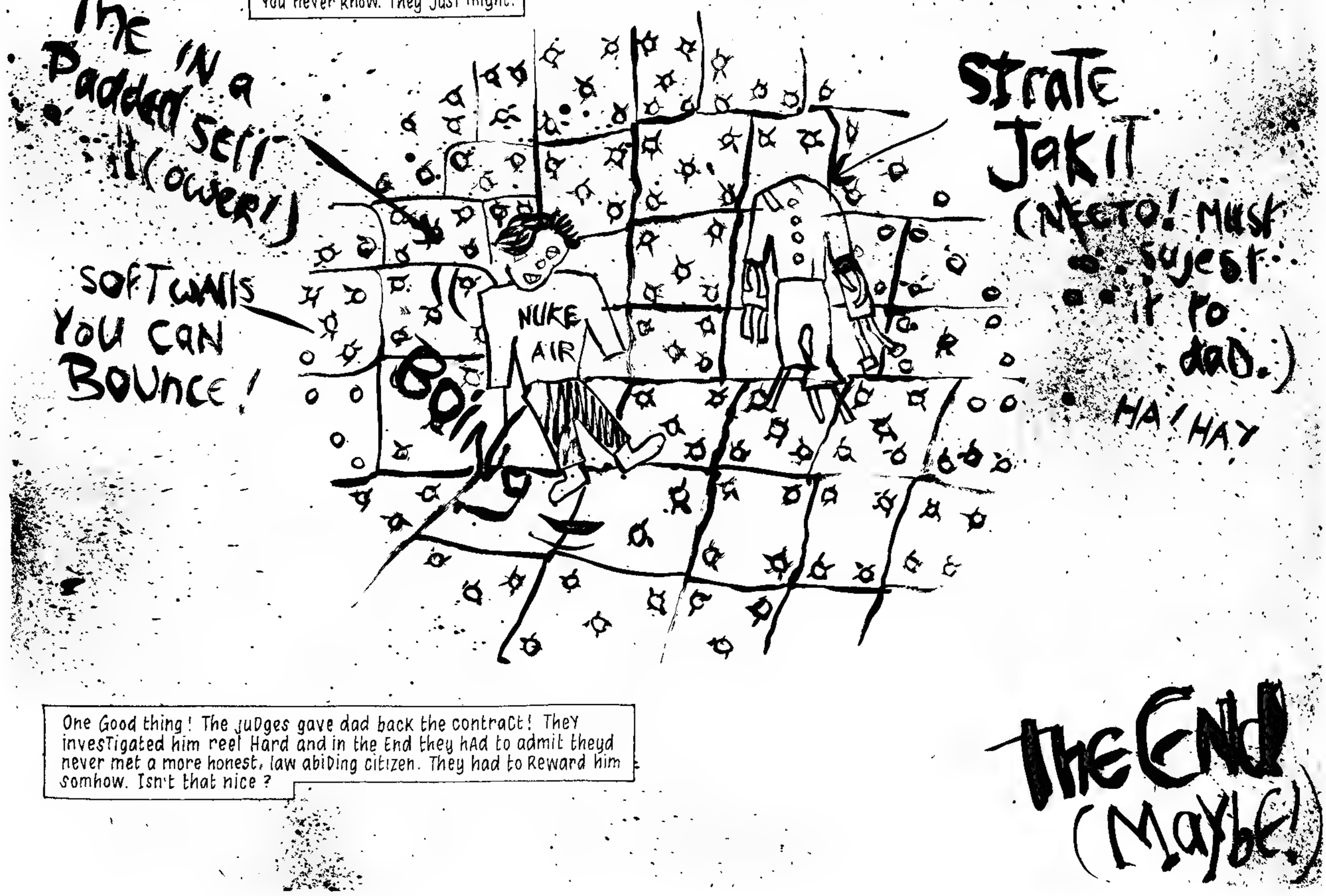
AHHHH

YOUNG **MAYBE**, ISN'T IT.?

THIS YOURS?

They tell me they can Help me in here, but i doN't reely beleive them Theres no reel cure for a psycopaThic personallity, unles they burn a biG chunk out of your BraiN and turn you into a vegTable. So i'm in here for the Rest of my life. Unless, of corse, the docs change their minDs about me. Once they Get to know me better maybe They'll realise I'm not that Bad after all.

You never know. They JusT might.

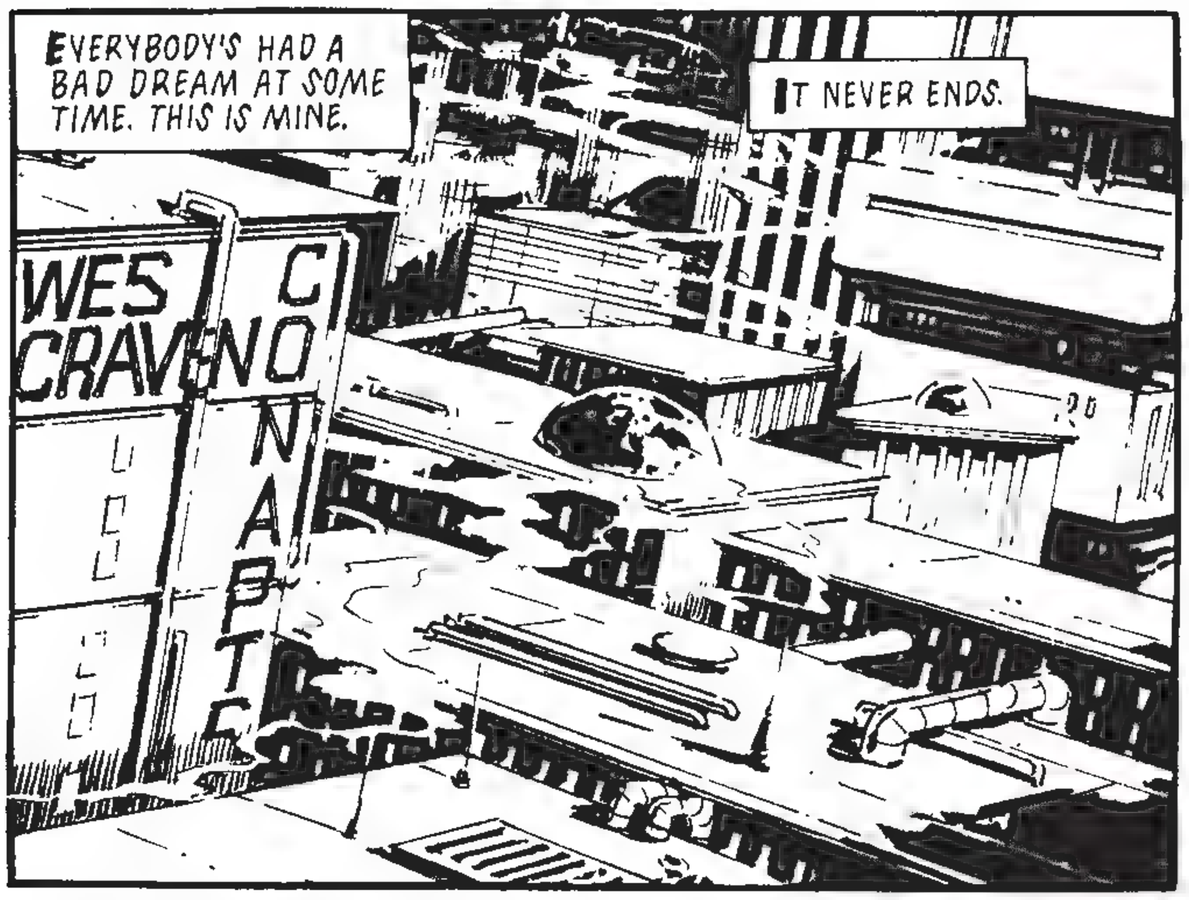


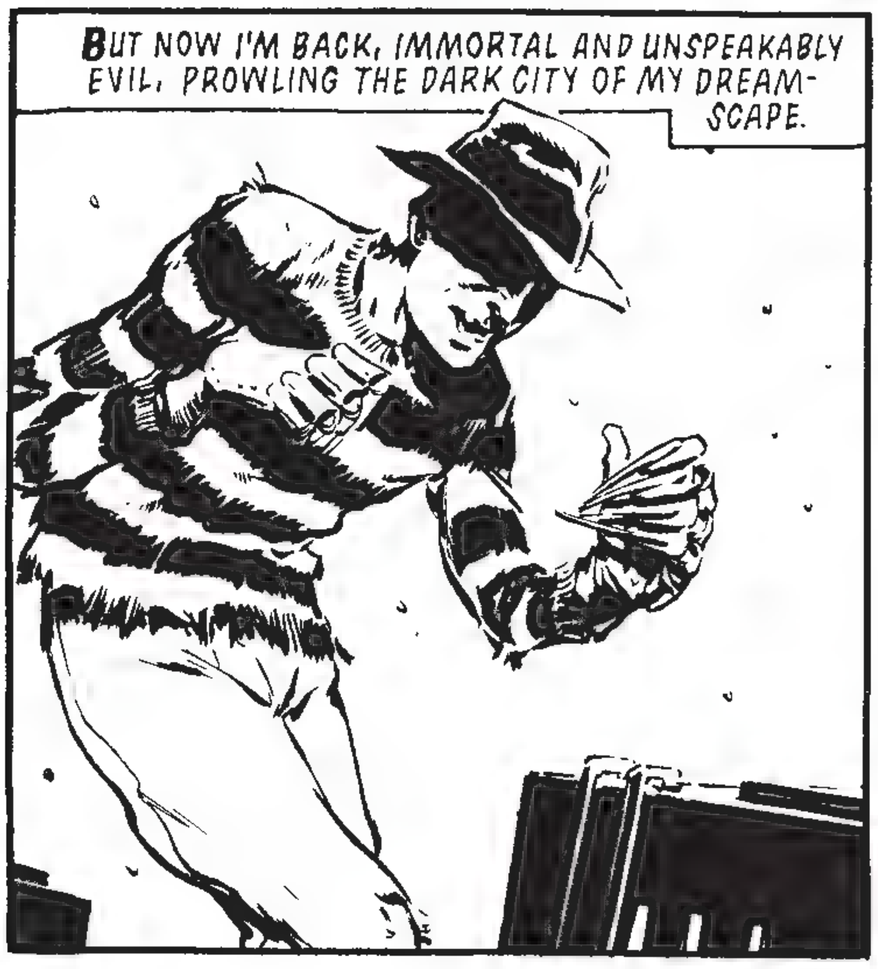
One Good thing! The juDges gave dad back the contraCt! TheY invesTigated him reel Hard and in the End they hAd to admit theyd never met a more honest, law abiDing citizen. They had to Reward him somhow. Isn't that nice?

THE END (Maybe!)

JUDGE DREDD

AN ELM STREET NIGHTMARE





DICK AND JANE LIVE ON ELM STREET.

Yung Elmers Ya spygs

Dick loovs Jan

THEY'RE YOUNG, TREADING THE TIGHTROPE THAT STRETCHES BETWEEN CHILDHOOD AND ADOLESCENCE... BETWEEN INNOCENCE AND GUILT.

Jane

ONE FALSE STEP AND THEY'LL--

ers

!ugs

FALL.

THE SINS OF THE FATHERS MUST BE VISITED UPON THE CHILDREN! ACTUALLY, I KNOW NOTHING AT ALL ABOUT THEIR PARTICULAR DADS--

BUT IT'S THE PRINCIPLE THAT'S IMPORTANT.

Yung Elmers Ya Spucr Dad Ioav Jane

SHNK K

HMM. USUALLY THE **SHNIKK** ATTRACTS THEIR ATTENTION, GIVES THEM THAT OMINOUS SINKING FEELING BEFORE I DO THE BUSINESS.

AHEM.

EXCUSE ME.

SHNIKK. **SHNIKK!**

Ya

SHNIKK!

WH-WH-WHU...?

AH, HOW POETIC. LOCKED IN PASSION'S SWEET EMBRACE, THEIR NIGHTMARES TO CONFRONT.--

AAAA

AAAAAAAAA

TROUBLE!

DROKK! SOME KIND OF MUTANT--

HA! HIS PUNY CANNON MEANS NOTHING TO ONE WHO IS IMMORTAL - ONE WHO WIELDS UNTOLD EVIL POWER. THIS IS **MY** DREAMSCAPE--

HERE, I CAN NEVER DIIEEEEEE..

CONTROL - MEATWAGON REQUIRED, WES CRAVEN CONAPTS ON ELM STREET.

NO MUTANT, THOUGH. JUST SOME CREEP THOUGHT HE'D DRESS UP AND PSYCHO OUT THE NEIGHBOURHOOD.

YOU TWO ALL RIGHT?

GU-HUH! HANK'OU, GUDGE!

WE'HRE HUCK!

Jan

DON'T WORRY ABOUT THAT... DICK AND JANE, IS IT? THEY'LL CUT YOUR TEETH BRACES APART DOWN AT JUSTICE DEPT --

BEFORE THEY ASSIGN YOU TO YOUR JUVE-CUBES! LET'S MOVE IT!

AWW, HHIT!

EVERYBODY'S HAD A BAD DREAM SOMETIME.

Jane

THIS IS MINE.

IT NEVER ENDS.

M-HNNN! UUH! UUNH!

HUH? HUH?

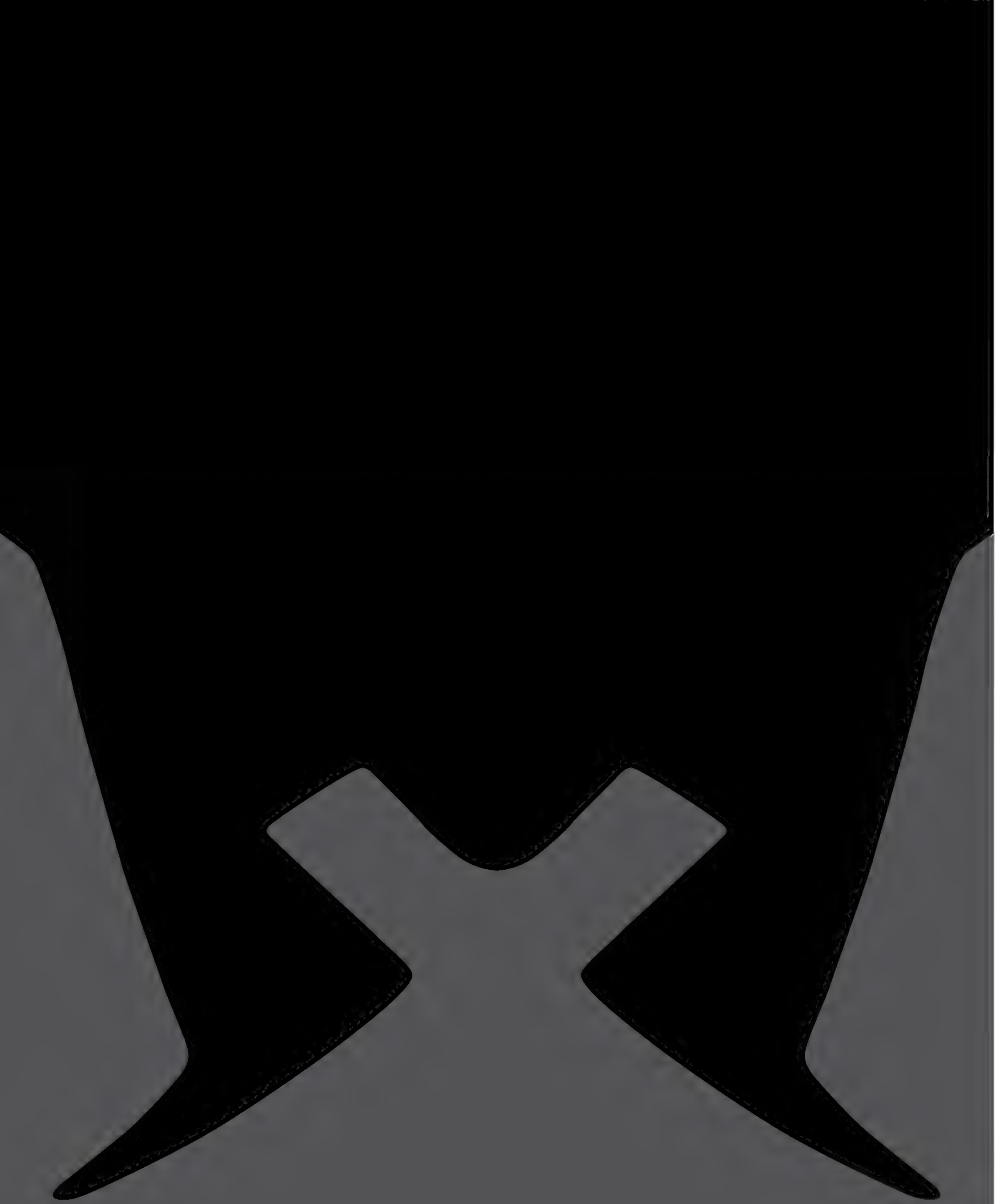
OH, JEEZ...!

PHEW!

THAT'S THE LAST TIME I'LL EVER DRINK THAT STUFF!

WHAT A NIGHTMARE!

NEXT PROG: DICE WITH DEATH



I WAS CRUISIN' IN THE BONE MOBILE LATE ONE NIGHT WHEN A SOUPED-UP FOORD PULLED UP ON MY RIGHT—

HE SPAT OUT HIS LIMPTY GUM STRAIGHT IN MY FACE, AND SAID—

MOVE OVER, GEEK—UNLESS YOU WANNA **RACE!**

I SAID—

YOU'RE ON, WISEGUY! MY MOBILE'S RUNNIN' HOT. LET'S GO FROM THE LIGHTS, LET'S SEE WHAT YOU GOT!

BUT I'LL GO YOU ONE BETTER IF YOU HAVE THE NERVE—I'LL RACE YOU ALL THE WAY...

TO DEAD JUVE'S CURVE!

DEAD JUVE'S CURVE? THAT'S NO PLACE TO PLAY!

DEAD JUVE'S CURVE? BEST KEEP AWAY!

DEAD JUVE'S CURVE? I COULD HEAR 'EM SAY—

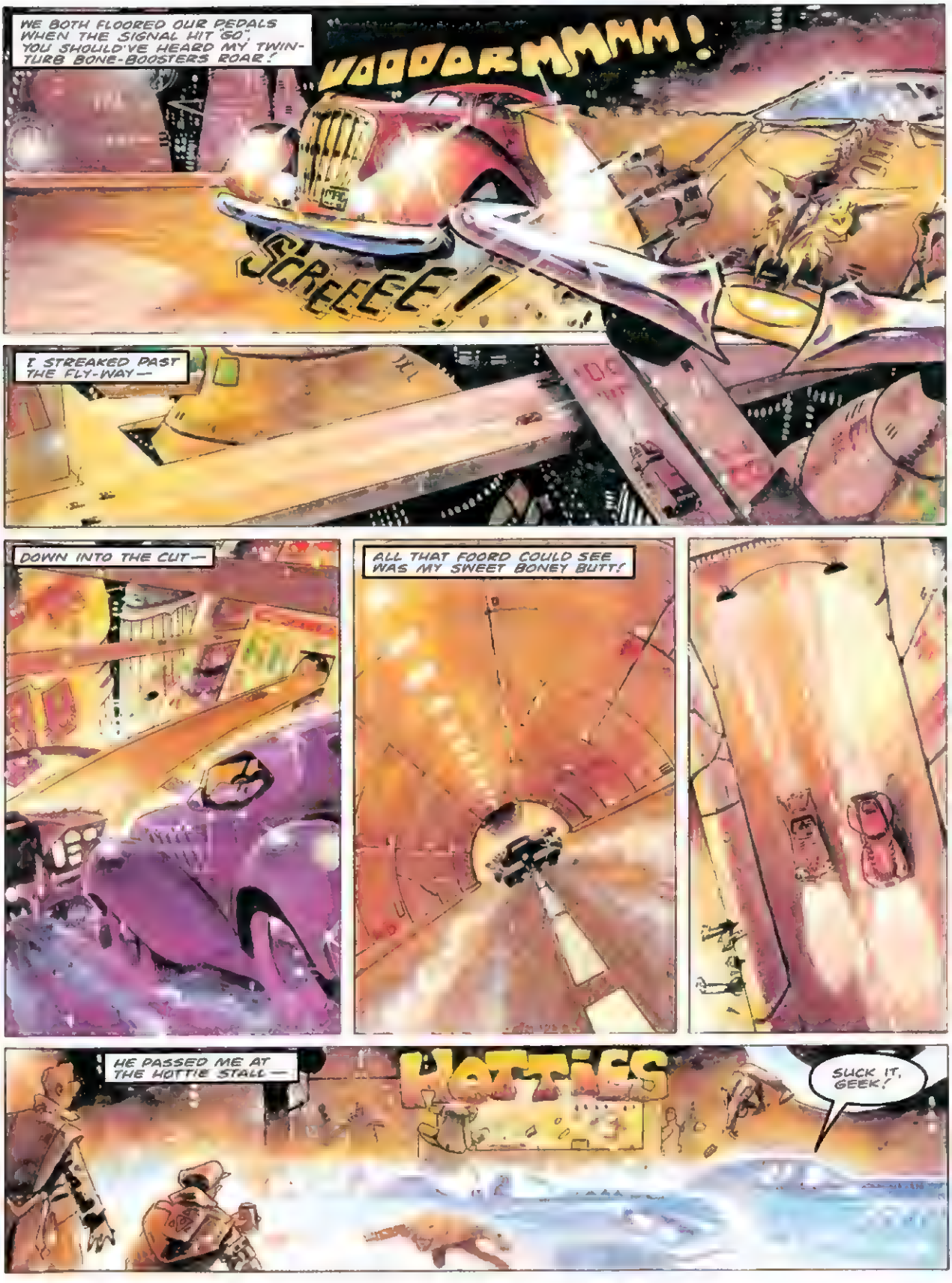
YOU WON'T COME BACK FROM DEAD JUVE'S CURVE!

ADAPTED BY ALAN GRANT AND COLIN MACNEIL LETTERING BY ANNIE

OKAY, I'D GONE TOO FAR. BUT I WOULDN'T SHOW FRIGHT. WE WERE SPUGGIN' EACH OTHER AS WE SAT AT THE LIGHT—

JUDGE DREDD

DEAD JUVE'S CURVE


WE BOTH FLOORED OUR PEDALS WHEN THE SIGNAL HIT "GO". YOU SHOULD'VE HEARD MY TWIN-TURB BONE-BOOSTERS ROAR!
VOOOOORMMMM!
SCREEEE!
I STREAKED PAST THE FLY-WAY—
DOWN INTO THE CUT—
ALL THAT FOORD COULD SEE WAS MY SWEET BONEY BUTT!
HE PASSED ME AT THE HOTTIE STALL—
HOTTIES
SUCK IT, GEEK!

KERRRASH!
TRANG!
KRAANCH!
DEAD!
THIS ONE'S NOT, THOUGH!
COME ON, CREEP!

I STARTED TO SWERVE —
SLOW MAX 60 IN DANGER
BUT I STRAIGHTENED OUT, AND THERE WE WERE —
ON DEAD JUVE'S CURVE!
CONTROL TO ANY UNIT! REPORTS OF A ROADRACE, ROUTE 66 DOWN-SPIRAL!
DREDD HERE, CONTROL! I'M ON MY WAY!
DEAD JUVE'S CURVE? DROKK, THEY CAN'T STAY AWAY!
DEAD JUVE'S CURVE HAS KILLED ELEVEN TODAY!
SMASH!
THEY DON'T COME BACK FROM DEAD JUVE'S CURVE!
KRRASH!
GRUD!

WH-WHAT HAPPENED?
YOU'RE ASKIN' ME?
TH...THE LAST THING I REMEMBER, JUDGE—I STARTED TO... SWERVE. I—I SAW THE FOORD SLIDE INTO THE CURVE!
I...I'LL NEVER FORGET THAT HORRIBLE SIGHT! I GUESS I'M REAL LUCKY THAT YOU SAVED ME TONIGHT...
NOT MANY COME BACK FROM DEAD JUVE'S CURVE!
YEAH. NOT MANY COME BACK FROM THE JUVE CUBES, EITHER—LEAST NOT TILL THEIR TIME'S UP.
YOU START ON TEN YEARS SOON'S YOU GET OUT OF MED-BAY!
DREDD'S JUVE CUBES—NO PLACE TO PLAY!
DREDD'S JUVE CUBES—CREEPS JUST CAN'T KEEP AWAY!
DREDD'S JUVE CUBES—WHERE THEY MAKE Y.O.s PAY!
BUT AT LEAST THEY COME BACK FROM DREDD'S JUVE CUBES!
THE END
THE CLASSIC 60s JUVE-GROOVE DEAD MAN'S CURVE IS AVAILABLE ON "JAN AND DEAN'S GREATEST HITS" AND THE "FUN FUN FUN" COMPILATION. IT HAS ALSO BEEN RECORDED BY NASH THE SLASH.
20464

JUDGE DREDD

...AND THE WIND CRIED...

200 MILLION PEOPLE LIVED HERE ONCE

Mike Collins & P. Veitch

200 MILLION - I CAN HARDLY COMPREHEND THE NUMBER HOW MUCH HAPPINESS DOES THAT REPRESENT? HOW MANY TEARS? HOW MUCH ZEST FOR LIFE?

HOW MANY GHOSTS?

THAT'S THE WEIRD THING. IF GHOSTS REALLY DO EXIST, YOU'D EXPECT THE SLAUGHTER OF 200 MILLION PEOPLE TO PRODUCE QUITE A FEW...

SO HOW COME THERE'S ONLY ME?

I DON'T KNOW HOW OFTEN THE CITY SENDS ITS PATROLS. TIME HAS NO MEANING FOR ME I DON'T KNOW HOW MANY DAYS -OR YEARS- OR CENTURIES- IT'S BEEN.

I CALL THEM, EVERY TIME I CALL THEM BUT GHOSTS HAVE NO VOICES

AND JUDGES NEVER HEAR

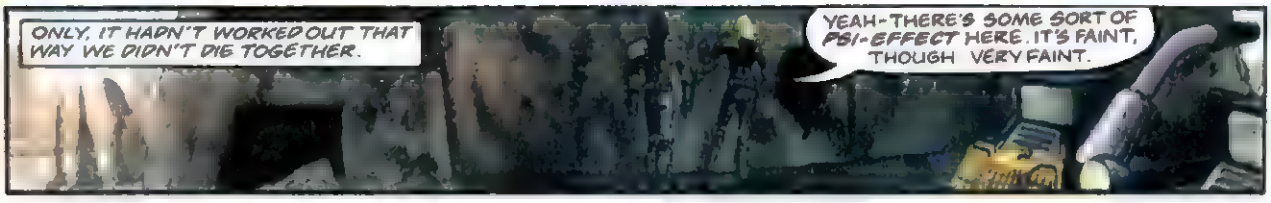
HOLD IT!

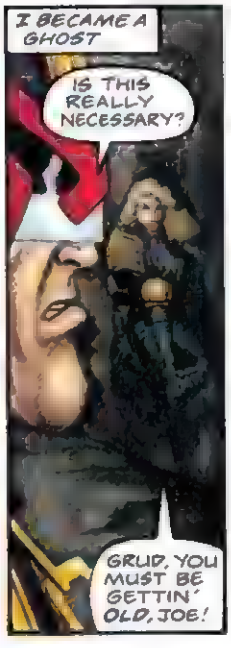
YOU HEAR THAT, DREDD?

NO. WHAT?
LIKE...A VOICE ON THE WIND...A CRY FOR HELP.
ANDERSON, THIS ENTIRE AREA WAS—
SATURATION-NUKED BY THE SOVS. YEAH, I KNOW. IT'LL BE A CENTURY BEFORE ANYTHING MORE COMPLEX THAN A RAD-BUG CAN LIVE HERE.
ALL THE SAME, THAT'S WHY THE DEPARTMENT SENDS OUT PATROLS-JUST IN CASE.
WE BETTER CHECK IT.
LIFE AND DEATH, THAT'S ALL THERE IS...
THAT, AND THE RAZOR-THIN WALKWAY THAT SNAKES DECEPTIVELY BETWEEN THEM. THE KNIFE-EDGE WHERE GHOSTS WALK...
GHOSTS, AND VEGETABLES.
HELLO, COSMO, DARLING!
AND HOW ARE YOU TODAY? FEELING BETTER?

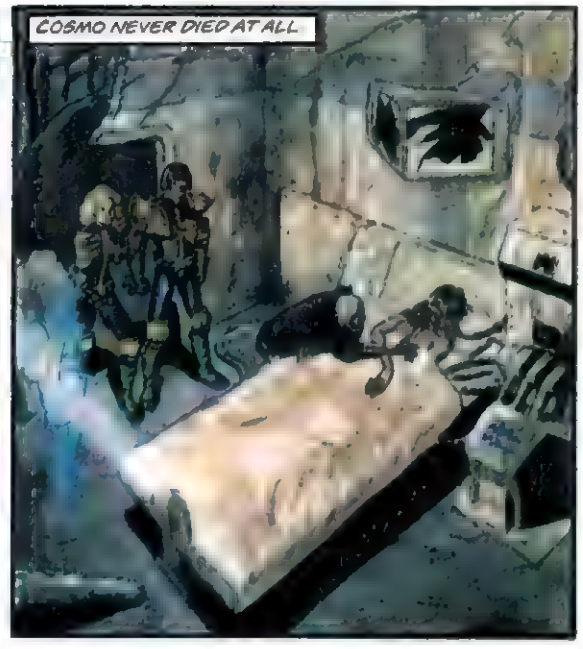
OH, YES! YOU'RE LOOKING HEAPS BETTER THAN YESTERDAY. I WOULDN'T BE AT ALL SURPRISED IF YOU'RE UP AND ABOUT BY THE END OF THE WEEK!
MISS HOWARD-MARY..
IT REALLY IS TIME YOU STOPPED DELUDING YOURSELF IT'S BEEN THREE MONTHS NOW SINCE THE ACCIDENT. YOU MUST FACE UP TO IT—
COSMO'S COMA IS TOO DEEP. HE'S NEVER GOING TO COME ROUND.
HIS BRAIN IS VIRTUALLY DEAD. HIS HEART, LUNGS, KIDNEYS— THEY NO LONGER FUNCTION ONLY THE MACHINES ARE KEEPING HIM ALIVE..
POWER
WH-WHAT ARE YOU SAYING? THAT- THAT I SHOULD LET YOU SWITCH HIM OFF?
NO! WE'RE IN LOVE! WE'RE GOING TO BE MARRIED JUST AS—AS SOON AS HE'S HIMSELF AGAIN I'LL NEVER DESERT HIM NEVER!
AHHOOOOAHHOOO
BLESS MY CIRCUITS! THE NUCLEAR ALERT!
OOAHHOOOOOAAHHO
WE'RE UNDER ATTACK! HEAD FOR THE SHELTERS!

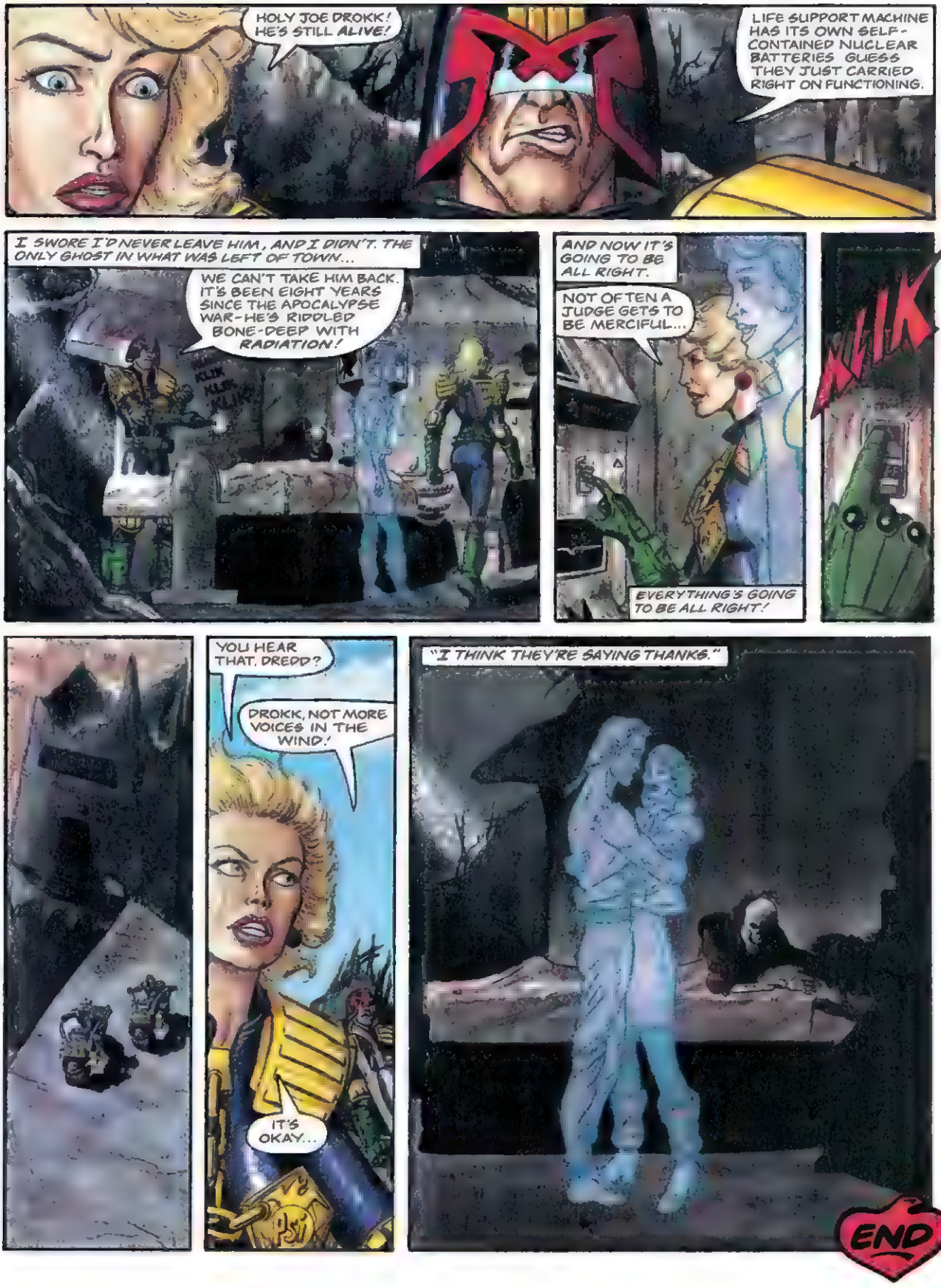
I WASN'T GOING ANYWHERE
I LOVE YOU, COSMO. I'LL NEVER LEAVE YOU.
IF WE COULDN'T LIVE TOGETHER, WE WOULD DIE TOGETHER.
...NEVER LEAVE YOU.


ONLY, IT HADN'T WORKED OUT THAT WAY WE DIDN'T DIE TOGETHER.
YEAH - THERE'S SOME SORT OF PSI-EFFECT HERE. IT'S FAINT, THOUGH VERY FAINT.


I BECAME A GHOST
IS THIS REALLY NECESSARY?
GRUD, YOU MUST BE GETTIN' OLD, JOE!

AND COSMO...
TIME WAS YOU'D HAVE LEAPT AT THE CHANCE OF CRAWLIN' THROUGH RADIOACTIVE RUBBLE IN THE SLIM HOPE OF FINDIN' A PERP TO ARREST OR A MUTIE TO BLAST!


COSMO NEVER DIED AT ALL


HOLY JOE DROKK! HE'S STILL ALIVE!
LIFE SUPPORT MACHINE HAS ITS OWN SELF-CONTAINED NUCLEAR BATTERIES GUESS THEY JUST CARRIED RIGHT ON FUNCTIONING.
I SWORE I'D NEVER LEAVE HIM, AND I DIDN'T. THE ONLY GHOST IN WHAT WAS LEFT OF TOWN...
WE CAN'T TAKE HIM BACK. IT'S BEEN EIGHT YEARS SINCE THE APOCALYPSE WAR-HE'S RIDDLED BONE-DEEP WITH RADIATION!
KLIK KLIK KLIK
AND NOW IT'S GOING TO BE ALL RIGHT.
NOT OFTEN A JUDGE GETS TO BE MERCIFUL...
EVERYTHING'S GOING TO BE ALL RIGHT!
KLIK
YOU HEAR THAT, DREDD?
DROKK, NOT MORE VOICES IN THE WIND.
IT'S OKAY...
"I THINK THEY'RE SAYING THANKS."
END

I'VE ALWAYS HAD AN UNHEALTHY INTEREST IN BLACK MAGIC
WHEE OOO! HELLO, GOOD EVE, AND WELC TO THIS WEEK'S EDITION OF "THE DENSITY FACTOR"!
CHUCK CHICKEN
KIRBY'S DEMON
JUDGE DREDD
SCRIPT JOHN WAGNER
ART EZQUERRA
LETTERING FRAME
'COURSE, I HAVEN'T BEEN ABLE TO INDULGE IT FOR A LONG TIME NOW. THEY BEEN WATCHING ME
...AND OUR FIRST QUESTION, WITH A DENSITY FACTOR OF 7, GOES TO CONTESTANT MANUEL GAM...
MANUEL - NAME A NUMBER BETWEEN ONE AND TWENTY!
MY BROTHER DIED IN A HORRIBLE WAY, SEE AND THEY HAD TO HIDE ME SO'S I'D BE SAFE. IT'S OKAY NOW, THOUGH THE DANGER'S PASSED
UHH...LESSEE NOW, JOHNNY UHHH... HOW 'BOUT SEVENTEEN?
FABULOSO! YES, I CAN ACCEPT THAT ANSWER - AND IT WINS YOU... A STYROFOAM HERB GARDEN!
I'M HOME
NOW, MANUEL, YOU'RE SHOOTING FOR THE DOUBLE HERE THINK CAREFULLY ON THIS ONE ...IT'S GOT A DENSITY FACTOR OF 9!
JACK! HEY, JACK! YOU OKAY IN THERE? YOU'RE MISSING ONE TERRIFIC TV SHOW!
DURING THE SOV WARS - JUST WHO WERE THE MEGA-CITY JUDGES FIGHTING AGAINST?
I'M FINE, DAD I'LL CATCH THE REPEAT!

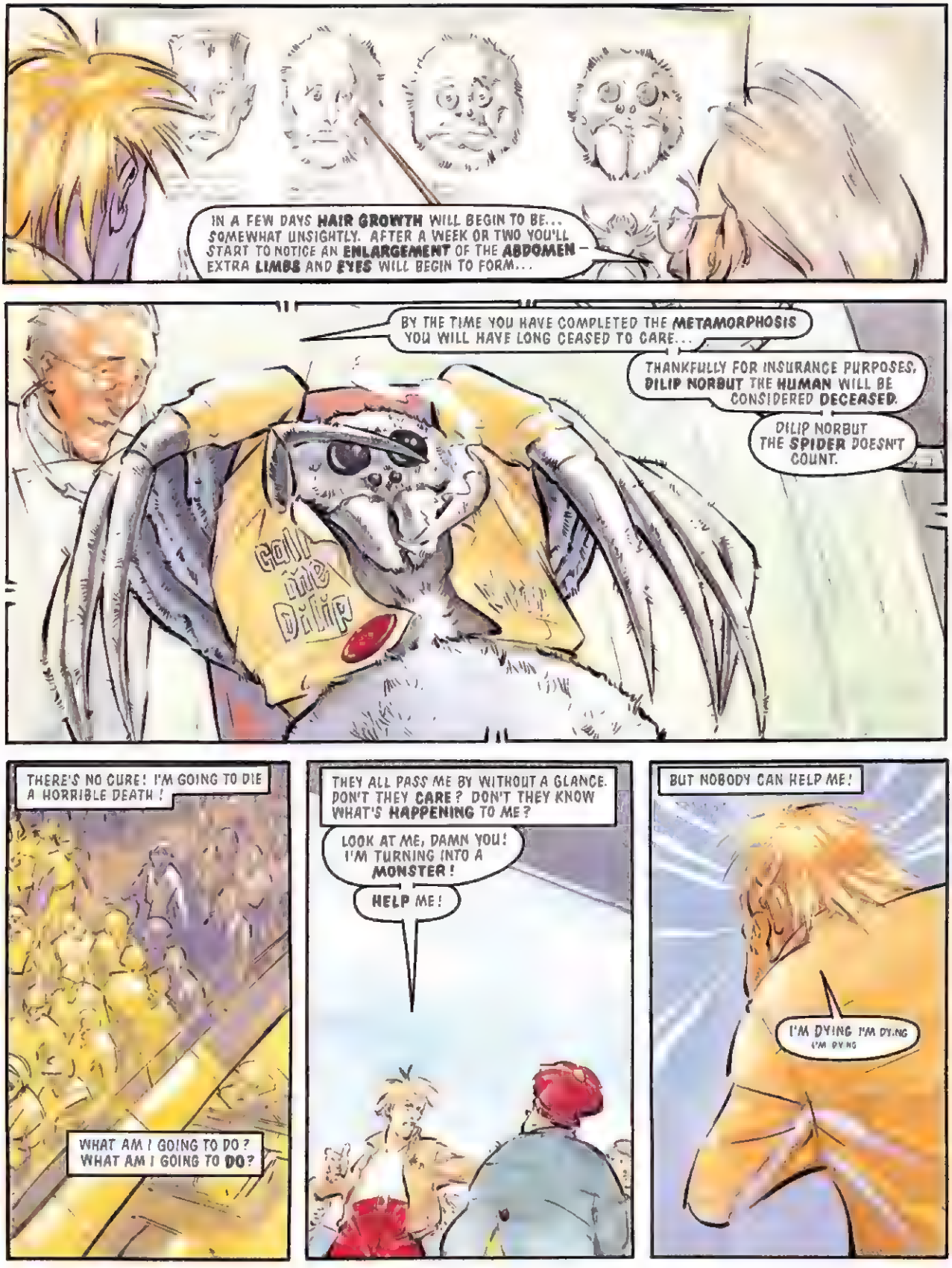
OH, I'M SO GLAD HE'S SETTLING BACK IN ALL RIGHT, MR AND MRS KIRBY. I MEAN, IT HAS BEEN SEVEN YEARS I HAVE TO ADMIT, WE WERE A LITTLE WORRIED
UUHH UHHH...
NOTHING TO WORRY ABOUT, MS MARKS YOU SOCIAL WORKERS HAVE WORKED MIRACLES WITH JACK.
BEFORE, HE WAS ALWAYS SUCH AN INTENSE, HYPERACTIVE KID. BUT HE'S BEEN HOME A WHOLE DAY NOW, AND HE HASN'T SET A FOOT WRONG!
I BEEN PRACTISING THE SECRET WORDS FOR A LONG TIME. I KNOW EXACTLY WHAT TO SAY AND HOW TO SAY IT--
SORRY, JOHNNY I GIVE UP!
THAT'S WHAT WENT WRONG THE LAST TIME, SEE. I HADN'T PRACTISED THE WORDS. MEANT I COULDN'T CONTROL IT.
BUT I GOT IT RIGHT THIS TIME.
GREETINGS, MASTER!

...EXT CONTESTANT, CANDY ROMERO. CANDY – FOR A DENSITY FACTOR OF 8, TELL ME: WHAT KIND OF ANIMAL WAS DAVE, THE ORANG-UTAN?
HEY, I KNOW THAT! HE WAS THE MAYOR, WASN'T HE?
C'MON. I WANT YOU TO MEET MY FOLKS. THEY'LL HAVE TO BELIEVE ME THIS TIME!
SORRY, CANDY. A MAYOR IS NOT AN ANIMAL!
DAVE WAS AN ORANG-UTAN!
MOM – DAD – MS MARKS! ALLOW ME TO INTRODUCE –
MY PET DEMON!
DEMON? BUT, JACK – THERE'S NOTHING THERE!
HE'S PULLING OUR LEGS, MOTHER. HE'S MAKING A JOKE!
HEE HEE! YOU'RE SUCH A ROGUE, JACK!
NICE ONE, SON! HA HA HA!
DON'T YOU LAUGH AT ME! BOBBY LAUGHED, TOO – AND HE WAS SORRY!
I HAVE TOO GOT A DEMON! I HAVE, D'YOU HEAR ME?
I HAVE! I HAVE! I HAVE!

CONTROL TO ANY UNIT. VICINITY MATT WAGNER. CITIZENS REPORT SCREAMS ON THE THIRTEENTH FLOOR!
DREDD. I'M ON IT!
HOLD THAT LIFT!
THIRTEEN!
BUT I WANT THREE--
THIRTEEN!
GRUD!
MATT WAGNER
R 94b
13

...HARVEY – FOR A DENSITY FACTOR OF 9 – WHAT WAS THE NAME OF THE MAN WHO GAVE HIS NAME TO DON TRUMP TOWER ?
TAKE IT EASY NOW. YOU HAVE FIFTEEN SECONDS...
TOWER... WAS IT DON TOWER, JOHNNY ?
...I HAVE TOO! I HAVE!
I HAVE GOT A DEMON! I HAVE! I HAVE!
I HAVE GOT A DEMON! I HAVE!
SAD CASE. KID ONLY GOT OUT YESTERDAY.
OUT ?
JUNIOR KOOK-CUBE. KILLED HIS BROTHER SOME YEARS BACK, WHEN HE WAS ONLY SIX.
AND THEY LET HIM OUT TO DO IT AGAIN ? ON WHOSE AUTHORITY ?
UH... PERSONAL RECOMMENDATION OF THE SENIOR SOCIAL WORKER, A MS GLENDA MARKS...
GUESS YOU'LL BE ARRESTING HER, HUH ?
AFRAID NOT. SHE'S WAY BEYOND MY JURISDICTION.
THE END

CURSE OF THE SPIDER MAN
JUDGE DREDD
I'M DYING! OH, DEAR GRUD, I'M DYING!
I'M AFRAID IT'S BAD NEWS, DILIP... IT'S AGY.
THE SPIDER VIRUS! I'M TURNING INTO A SPIDER!
SCRIPT JOHN WAGNER
ART MICK AUSTIN
LETTERING T ERAMI


IN A FEW DAYS HAIR GROWTH WILL BEGIN TO BE... SOMEWHAT UNSIGHTLY. AFTER A WEEK OR TWO YOU'LL START TO NOTICE AN ENLARGEMENT OF THE ABDOMEN – EXTRA LIMBS AND EYES WILL BEGIN TO FORM...
BY THE TIME YOU HAVE COMPLETED THE METAMORPHOSIS YOU WILL HAVE LONG CEASED TO CARE...
THANKFULLY FOR INSURANCE PURPOSES, DILIP NORBUT THE HUMAN WILL BE CONSIDERED DECEASED.
DILIP NORBUT THE SPIDER DOESN'T COUNT.
call me Dilip
THERE'S NO CURE! I'M GOING TO DIE A HORRIBLE DEATH!
WHAT AM I GOING TO DO? WHAT AM I GOING TO DO?
THEY ALL PASS ME BY WITHOUT A GLANCE. DON'T THEY CARE? DON'T THEY KNOW WHAT'S HAPPENING TO ME?
LOOK AT ME, DAMN YOU! I'M TURNING INTO A MONSTER!
HELP ME!
BUT NOBODY CAN HELP ME!
I'M DYING I'M DYING
I'M DYING

THE INSURANCE! THANK GOD FOR THE INSURANCE! AT LEAST MARG AND THE KIDS WILL BE ALRIGHT...
WAIT A SEC – THE INSURANCE... DOUBLE INDEMNITY!
THAT'S RIGHT! THEY GET DOUBLE IF I DIE AN ACCIDENTAL DEATH!
WHY NOT?
WHAT'S LEFT FOR ME ANYWAY – WATCHING MYSELF TURN INTO SOMETHING HIDEOUS?
YES, IT'S THE BEST WAY. GET IT OVER WITH QUICK – SAVE MYSELF A LOT OF PAIN!
GOT TO BE CAREFUL, THOUGH – SUICIDE INVALIDATES THE POLICY. IT'S GOT TO LOOK LIKE AN ACCIDENT –
TAXI!
LOOK OUT!
THWUMP!
SCREEEE
GUY STEPPED OUT IN FRONT OF ME CALLIN' FOR A CAB... NO WAY I COULD STOP IN TIME!
I'M STILL ALIVE!
NOOooo...
IT'S ALL RIGHT, CITIZEN, MED-WAGON'S ON IT'S WAY.

NOOO!
STOP!
HE MUST BE CONCUSSED!
COME BACK HERE!
DROKK!
GOODBYE, CRUEL WORLD!
CRUEL, CRUEL WORLD!
REDIRECT THAT MED-WAGON, CONTROL! INJURED PARTY'S DONE A RUNNER! LAST SEEN HEADING NORTH ALONG THE RINGWAY!

DAMN! DAMN! WHAT HAVE I DONE TO DESERVE THIS? WHY CAN'T I GET IT RIGHT?
HEY, LOOK WHAT WE GOT HERE—
GOT ANY MONEY, PALLY?
GET YOUR HANDS OFF ME, PUNK!
WAIT! MURDER!
IF I GET MURDERED IT'S TRIPLE INDEMNITY—MARG AND THE KIDS GET THREE TIMES AS MUCH!
I DON'T LIKE YOUR ATTITUDE, PALLY.
GO ON, PUNK! PULL THE TRIGGER! YOU'D BE DOIN' ME A FAVOUR!
I'M A SPIDER. SEE? IT'S OKAY TO KILL SPIDERS!
GUY TALKS REAL FUNNY, SHORTY...
C'MON, I DON'T LIKE THIS. LEAVE 'IM—
THWAK!
WHAT'S THE MATTER—AFRAID? MAYBE YOU NEED A LITTLE ENCOURAGEMENT!
DAMMIT! WHY WON'T YOU FIGHT! WHY'S IT ALWAYS MY LUCK—!
NO—AAAH!
DROP IT!

I HAD TO DO IT! THEY WOULDN'T ATTACK ME! THEY WOULDN'T ATTACK ME!
YOU BETTER HOPE YOU PICKED UP SOME BRAIN DAMAGE IN THE ACCIDENT, PAL, OR YOU'RE GOING AWAY FOR A LOT OF YEARS.
LOCK ME AWAY - IT DOESN'T MATTER! IN A FEW WEEKS I'M GOING TO BE A SPIDER!
SURE, SURE.
MRS NORBUT? DOC CLAMP. DILIP GOT HOME YET?
WELL, HAVE HIM CALL ME, WOULD YOU?
NO, NOTHING SERIOUS...
JUST A LITTLE MIX-UP WITH HIS TEST RESULTS. HE'S GOT AVG, NOT AGV - JUST A MILD FORM OF GLANDULAR FEVER. SHOULD CLEAR UP IN A FEW WEEKS.
WELL, NO HARM DONE. HA HA.
MR NORBERT TO SEE YOU, DOCTOR.
AH, YES, MR NORBERT - AND HOW ARE WE FEELING TODAY?
I DUNNO ABOUT YOU, DOC -
BUT I'M GETTING A LITTLE WORRIED ABOUT THIS GLANDULAR FEVER...!
THE END

JUDGE DREDD

THE AMAZING ANT-MAN

WRITTEN BY ALAN GRANT AND CARLOS EZQUERRA
LETTERING BY CRAIG

YOU CAN CHOP OFF AN ANT'S HEAD, AND THREE WEEKS LATER ITS BODY WILL STILL BE RUNNING AROUND

SECONDARY NERVOUS SYSTEM, SEE GUESS ITS HEAD WOULD STILL BE RUNNING AROUND, TOO, IF IT HAD SECONDARY LEGS.

IT'S FACTS LIKE THAT WHICH ENDEAR ANTS TO ME. THEY'RE REALLY WEIRD—

FASCINATING--

WH-WHO'S THERE ?

O-OH MY GRUD! S-S-STAY BACK NOW! N-NICE...ER... NICE--

DOGGIES ?

AND IT'S AMAZING WHAT YOU CAN DO WITH A BASIC GENETIC STARTER KIT AND A LITTLE SELECTIVE BREEDING--

N-NO!

AAAlllEEE

TWO MINUTES SINCE DRAX WENT IN THERE!
JUSTICE DEPT
MAYBE HE RUMBLED US, DREDD. MAYBE HE'S JUST SITTIN' US OUT. HOPIN' WE'LL GET FED-UP AND BEAT IT!
COULD BE. OR COULD BE THE UNDERPASS IS WHERE HE FIXED HIS MEET WITH THE BUYER.
WHATEVER – CREEP'S CARRYING ENOUGH UMPTY POWDER TO SEND HALF A CITY-BLOCK ROUND THE TWIST.
LET ME OFF HERE. I'D BETTER CHECK IT OUT.
PEDESTRIA
I ALWAYS SELECT SUPPER MYSELF.
WELL, I HAVE TO REALLY. THEY'D GO EATING ANY OLD RUBBISH OTHERWISE. THEY'D TAKE QUANTITY OVER QUALITY ANY DAY OF THE WEEK.

NOT THAT I LIKE THE THOUGHT OF MY PETS KILLING PEOPLE. QUITE THE OPPOSITE.
IT MAKES ME FEEL QUEASY. ESPECIALLY AFTERWARDS, WHEN I HAVE TO SWEEP UP THE BONES AND REMOVE THEM FOR DISPOSAL
I'VE THOUGHT ABOUT GETTING THEM CARRY-OUTS TO EAT AT HOME— BUT WHAT THE HECK. THEY NEED THEIR WALKIES
WONDER WHAT ALL THAT WHITE DUST IS...?
SOMEBODY'S COMING—
HELL! A JUDGE!
GET OUT OF THERE, GUYS! SCRAM—BACK TO THE VAN!
DAMN! THE REMOTE CONTROL'S NOT HAVING ANY EFFECT! THAT WHITE POWDER... IT'S DONE SOMETHING TO THEM!
ADAM! WILL YOU COME DOWN!

WHAT THE DROKK'S GOIN' ON HERE...?
GRUD!
GIANT ANTS ON DOPE!
INCENDIARY!
YOU BRUTE! YOU DIDN'T HAVE TO DO THAT! THEY WEREN'T HARMING ANYONE!
NO?
HOW ABOUT HIM?

WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT THIS ANYWAY? YOU WITNESS WHAT HAPPENED HERE?
ER...I'M HENRY PYMM. I WAS, UH... JUST OUT FOR A WALK.
YOU SEE ANY MORE OF THESE MUTANT ANTS?
M-MORE? NO, SIR— THERE WERE JUST THE TWO!
NO — DON'T KILL ME! I'LL TELL YOU THE TRUTH! THERE ARE THREE OF THEM — THEY'RE MY PETS!
REALLY, CITIZEN? IT LOOKED NUMBER THREE WANTED YOU FOR LUNCH!
ADAM...OH, ADAM! SPEAK TO DADDY!
DREDD TO CONTROL. CALL UP A MEAT-WAGON AND CANCEL THE SURVEILLANCE ON BODACIOUS DRAX. WE'LL NEVER FIND HIS BUYER NOW.
AN' WARM UP AN INTERROGATION-CUBE. RECKON WE'RE GONNA CLEAR UP A FEW UNSOLVED DISAPPEARANCES.
YOU FIND BODIES DOWN THERE?
NO--
BUT I RECKON I GOT A GRADE-A INFORMANT!
NEXT PROG: HOT PANTS!

JUDGE DREDD
LITTLE THE GREAT U-FRONT DISASTER
HAPPY BIRTHDAY, DADDY!
WHAT? FOR ME?
U-FRONTS! JUST WHAT I'VE ALWAYS WANTED!
AND WHAT'S THIS? ON – OFF?
THEY'RE HEATED, DADDY!
LITTLE MICKEY MADE THEM HIMSELF! ISN'T HE A CLEVER BOY?
HE SURE IS!
I'M GOING TO TRY THEM ON RIGHT NOW!
THERE! SNUG AS A BUG IN A RUG! I'LL JUST SWITCH ON HERE, AND–
MMMMM... HEAVEN!
HE'S NOT JUST CLEVER, HON – THE BOY'S A GENIUS! ONLY FOUR YEARS OLD AND HEATING HIS OLD MAN'S U's ALREADY.
DOESN'T IT MAKE YOU PROUD!
DERMOT WRASSE COULD NOT RESIST SHOWING OFF HIS U's TO EVERYONE HE MET THAT DAY–
THAT'S WHERE HIS TROUBLE BEGAN –
ZIP 'EM UP, CREEP!

I CAN EXPLAIN, JUDGE – I WAS JUST SHOWING MR GRUDWIN MY U's
THAT'S THE WAY I FIGURED IT.
YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND!
SURE I UNDERSTAND. YOU CAN'T HELP IT – YOU GET THESE URGES TO SHOW PEOPLE YOUR UNDERPANTS.
WELL, DON'T YOU WORRY. WE'VE GOT SHRINKS WHO CAN HELP PEOPLE LIKE YOU – A LITTLE BRAIN SURGERY, MAYBE.
OH, GRUD, PLEASE – YOU GOTTA LISTEN–!
...AND – AND HE'S ONLY FOUR, YOU SEE, AND I JUST WANTED TO SHOW MR GRUDWIN HERE WHAT HE DID!
HE'S TELLIN' THE TRUTH, JUDGE. HIS KID'S AN ELECTRONICS WIZARD.
FEEL THEM FOR YOURSELF – THEY'RE SNUG AS PIES!
I'LL TAKE A RAINCHECK.
I'M GOING TO LET IT GO THIS TIME, CITIZEN. IN FUTURE, KEEP YOUR DISPLAYS OFF THE STREET.
YES, SIR! OF COURSE! I'M NORMALLY VERY LAW-ABIDING...
WHUUUH–?
WHASSAMADDA, DERM?
GEEZ–!
I GOTTA DO IT!
I WARNED YOU, CREEP!

SHORT CIRCUIT!
GRUD! GRUD! GOTTA GET 'EM— AAAAHH!
HAAAAAH!
HUUHHH?

LOOK OUT!
KRAK ANK!
SPLOOSH!
CHAKOOM!!
CONTROL, WE HAVE A MAJOR FIRE! DIVERT ALL TRAFFIC – EMERGENCY SQUADS TO TEMPLE INTERSECT!

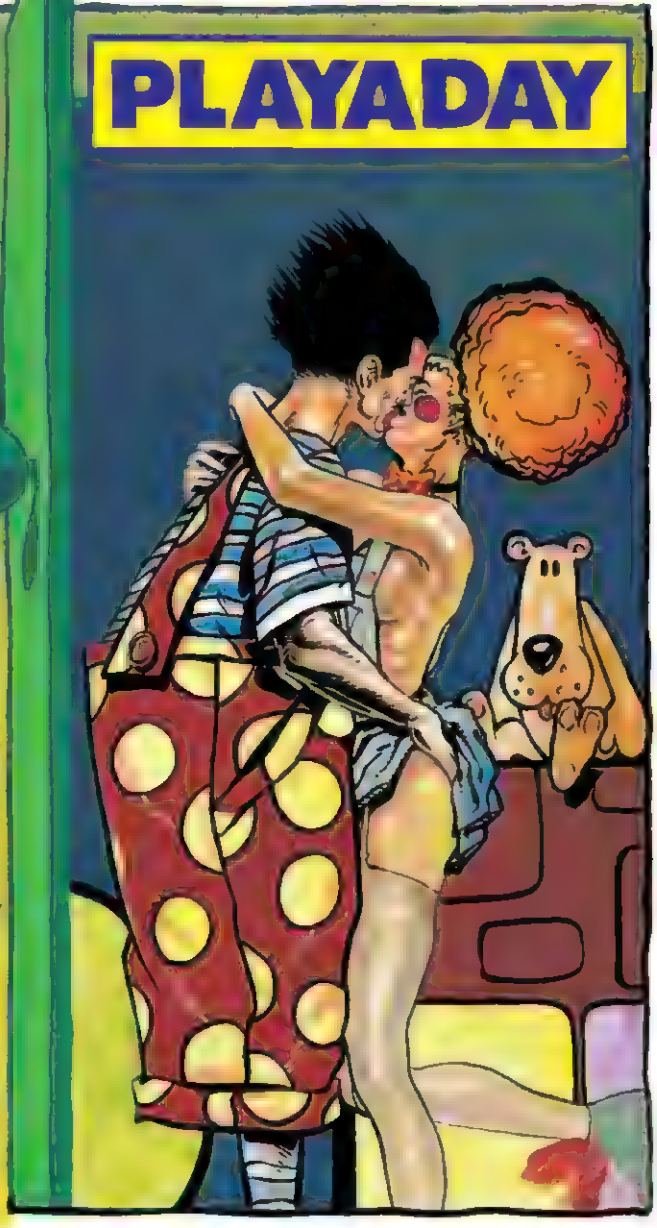
OH MY! OH MY!
NICE ONE, BIRTHDAY BOY!
WAIT HERE!
NINETEEN PEOPLE DIED IN THE TRAGEDY - IN MEGA-CITY TERMS, ONLY A MINOR DISASTER...
BETTER CHECK OUT THE KID - HE MAY HAVE SET THIS UP DELIBERATELY.
COME ON, DREDD, HE'S ONLY FOUR.
IF HE'S SMART ENOUGH TO HEAT HIS OLD MAN'S U'S HE'S SMART ENOUGH TO BOOBY-TRAP THEM
JUST A CHANCE - BETTER MAKE SURE
KID'S AN ELECTRONICS WIZARD, HUH?
EVERYBODY MAKES MISTAKES, JUDGE DREDD.
YOU SURE MADE A BIG ONE TODAY
B-BUT I NEVER MEANT ANY OF THIS TO HAPPEN! IT WAS AN ACCIDENT - SURELY YOU CAN SEE THAT?
YEAH .. THAT'S THE HELL OF IT. NINETEEN PEOPLE DEAD AND ABOUT THE MOST I CAN GET YOU FOR IS WEARING DEFECTIVE U'S
STILL, A LITTLE TIME MIGHT NOT DO YOU ANY HARM.. HELP DRIVE THE LESSON HOME - PREVENT ANY MORE ACCIDENTS
SHALL WE SAY NINETY DAYS?
AND IN FUTURE STICK TO THERMALS!
THE END

JUDGE DREDD

GOOD MORNING CHILDREN! UNCLE FLUFFY HERE! SOMETHING VERY INTERESTING IS GOING ON IN THE PLAYADAY HOUSE TODAY! LET'S FIND OUT WHAT IT IS.

WHERE SHALL WE LOOK? THROUGH THE RED DOOR?
THE BLUE DOOR..?
NO!

LET'S SEE WHAT WE FIND BEHIND THE GREEN DOOR!


PLAYADAY

CUCKOO THE CLOWN
WHOOPEE LOO
UH HA HA GOOD MORNING, KIDDIE-WINKIES! TODAY WE'RE GOING TO TALK ABOUT UH
KISSING
YES, THAT'S RIGHT KISSING
BASKET WEAVING
WIFE
GASP
NOW WE'D ALL LIKE TO GROW UP TO BE LIKE MUMMY AND DADDY AND KISS AND THINGS, SO IT'S A GOOD IDEA TO START LEARNING WHILE WE'RE VERY YOUNG! SOME POOR GROWN-UPS NEVER LEARN TO DO IT PROPERLY!
LIKE UNCLE FLUFFY! HE NEVER GETS IT RIGHT! THAT'S BECAUSE UNCLE FLUFFY DOESN'T LIKE KISSING
HE'S SILLY, ISN'T HE, CHILDREN? CUCKOO AND WHOOPEE LOO LIKE KISSING.
LET'S SHOW THEM HOW, SHALL WE?

OH BABY.
I THINK I'D LIKE TO TRY KISSING TOO. I'M GOING TO KISS CUCKOO THE CLOWN.
HEY! YES! YOU'RE RIGHT! THAT DOES LOOK LIKE FUN!
OOH! TOO HARD! I MISSED CUCKOO'S LIPS COMPLETELY!
I'LL TRY AGAIN SHALL I CHILDREN?
WE HAVE A POSSIBLE INCIDENT. PLAYADAY STUDIO! JUDGE DREDD INVESTIGATE!
ON MY WAY.

I KNOW A SONG ABOUT K SSING - AND WHY L TTLE RATS LIKE CUCKOO SHOULDN'T GO AROUND K SSING OTHER PEOPLE'S WIVES
♪KEEP YOUR KISSES TO YOURSELF OR I'LL RIP YOUR STUPID FACE OFF -
SHALL WE SING IT TO HIM CHILDREN? YOU CAN JOIN IN THE CHORUS!
LEAVE HIM ALONE!
DONK!
UNCLE FLUFFY WAS VERY NAUGHTY H TTING POOR CUCKOO LIKE THAT - ESPEC ALLY WHEN CUCKOO S TEN TIMES AS GOOD AS HIM AT K SSING - AND A LOT OF OTHER THINGS ...!
THAT'S WHAT WE CALL JEALOUSY, CHILDREN!
WHAT CAN WE - UHH! - DO TO STOP UNCLE FLUFFY BEING JEALOUS? I KNOW! LET'S GIVE HIM A PRESENT! LET'S GIVE HIM SOME NEW BOOTS!
UNNGGG!
THERE'S ONE!

WELL, UNCLE FUZZY HAS BEEN SO NAUGHTY THAT CUCADD THE CLOWN AND . ARE GOING TO RUN AWAY TOGETHER. SO YOU WON'T BE SEEING US ANYMORE ON THIS STUPID PROGRAMME
OH NO YOU DON'T!
THERE'S ONLY ONE PLACE YOU'RE GOING, DOUBLE-CROSSER!
WATCH HIM.
OH, YOU WANNA PLAY ROUGH, HUH?
COME ON! COME ON!
OH, LOOK WHO'S COMING THROUGH THE BLUE DOOR!
YOU KEEP OUTTA THIS JUDGE! IT'S A DOMESTIC DISPUTE!

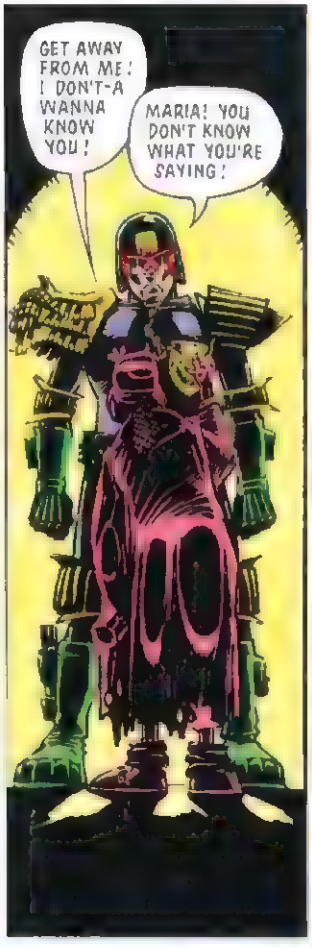
DOMESTIC
DROP T
CREEP.
SO YOU SEE, CHILDREN EVEN GROWN-UPS LIKE UNCLE FLUFFY, WHOOPEE LOO AND CUCKOO THE CLOWN CAN BE BAD! AND WHEN THEY'RE BAD, WHAT DO WE DO?
WE TAKE THEM DOWN TO THE CUBES AND LOCK THEM AWAY FOR A LONG, LONG TIME!
SO I'M AFRAID YOU WON'T BE SEEING ANY OF THEM FOR QUITE A WHILE!
SAY GOODBYE TO UNCLE FLUFFY—
AND GOODBYE WHOOPEE LOO!
AND GOODBYE CUCKOO THE CLOWN!
WAAAAHHHHH!
THE END

JUDGE DREDD
CARDBOARD CITY PART ONE
THERE'S MORE THAN ONE CARDBOARD CITY...
THE SAD PACKING BOX HOMES OF THE DESTITUTE, THE ADDICT, THE DISAFFECTED — MEGA-CITY'S FORGOTTEN ONES
YOU FIND THEM SPRAWLING IN THE SHADOWS OF THE FINEST LUXY-BLOCKS. HERE THEY GATHER AND GROW, LIKE DEFORMED SWELLINGS ON THE GLEAMING 22ND CENTURY SPLENDOUR...
NOT FROM ANY DESIRE TO BE NEAR WEALTH, TO BASK IN ITS GLOW... NO, SIMPLY BECAUSE THE RICH THROW OUT THE BEST BOXES

SUSPICIOUS EYES —
HOSTILE FACES —
A JUDGE IS NEVER GOOD NEWS IN CARDBOARD CITY
BUT IT'S ALL RIGHT. HE'S MOVING ON IT'S NOT YOUR TURN TONIGHT

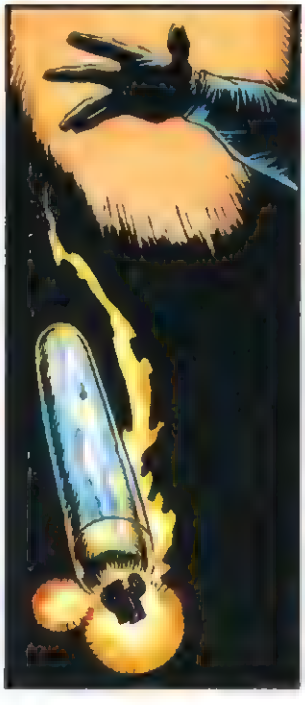
MARIA..
WHAAAA?
HUH?
N-NO! IT'S NIGHT-A-MARE! GET IT AWAY FROM-A ME!
MARIA!
I HEARD YOU WERE HERE. IT'S NOT RIGHT THAT YOU SHOULD BE LIVING LIKE THIS - MY OLD HOUSEKEEPER... *
NO! IT'S-A WORSE THAN A NIGHT-A-MARE! IT'S-A YOU!
* See Progs past.m

THIS WILL DO STOP HERE
READY, GENTLEMEN?
WAIT HERE, GORDON SHAN'T BE A TICK
I... I'M NOT SURE ABOUT THIS, JULIAN –
ARMENS
IT WAS A COMMITTEE DECISION, MARY WE'VE GOT TO GO THROUGH WITH IT


GET AWAY FROM ME! I DON'T-A WANNA KNOW YOU!
MARIA! YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE SAYING!

I KNOW WHAT I SAY ALL RIGHT! I HAVE ENOUGHA YOU! THAT'S-A WHY I LEAVE!
BANG BANG ALLA TIME! NEVER GETTA NO PEACE!

I'M-A NO COMIN BACK!
I DON'T WANT YOU TO COME BACK, MARIA. I JUST WANT YOU TO DO SOMETHING ABOUT YOURSELF
FOR YOUR OWN SAKE, SIGN YOURSELF INTO A REHAB CLINIC.



IT'S A FREE CITY! I DON'T HAFTA DO-A NOTHIN' YOU SAY!

I'M-A HAPPY THE WAY I AM!
HAPPY?
HAPPY!
THAT'S THE BOTTLE TALKING, MARIA! THIS STUFF HAS PICKLED YOUR BRAIN!
HEY!
H-HUH-?
WELL NO MORE!
NO!
OH MY GRU- AHHHHHH!
GOODNIGHT TO YOU, SIR!
L-LET'S GET OUTA HERE!
H-HELLLLPPP-!

FTOOOM!
AHHHAAAHHHHH
AAAHHHHH
DROKK!
WAIT HERE! I'LL BE BACK!
NEXT PROG · RIVERS OF FIRE!

MED-WAGON TO CROSSWAY LINK! WE GOT A FLAMER!

JUDGE DREDD

CARDBOARD CITY PART TWO

DROKK! FLAMES WON'T DIE!

MAKE THAT A MEAT WAGON, CONTROL! VICTIM'S HAD IT!
LOOKS LIKE SOMEBODY HIT H M WITH A PHOSPHOR BOMB!

ANY OF YOU SEE ANYTHING?
IT'S IN YOUR INTERESTS TO TALK! LET'S HAVE IT!
PHOSPHOR BOMB, ALL RIGHT
PROBABLY JUVES. GOT HOLD OF SOME EX-WAR STOCK, DECIDED THEY'D HAVE A NIGHT'S ENTERTAINMENT. NO DOUBT LONG GONE.
BETTER CONDUCT A SEARCH ANYWAY.
TAKE OVER HERE I'VE GOT OTHER FAT TO FRY
PLACE IS CRAWLING WITH JUDGES!
WHAT SAY WE LEAVE IT FOR TONIGHT...?
ONE'S NOT ENOUGH. THEY'VE GOT TO LEARN, MARV THAT'S WHAT WE AGREED
THAT'S TRUE, JULIAN, BUT—
JUST CRUISE FOR A WHILE, GORDON.
YES, SIR
BUT THE JUDGES—
RELAX. THEY'LL BE LOOKING FOR JUVES, NOT US. WE'RE RESPECTABLE CITIZENS!

MARIA ?
DAMN!
THE OLD WOMAN WHO WAS HERE – ANY OF YOU KNOW WHERE SHE WENT?
IF I'VE GOT TO START HUFFING AND PUFFING AND BLOWING YOUR HOUSES DOWN IT'S NOT GOING TO BE HARD! C'MON!
MAD MARIA? WHO CARES!
SHE GOES WHERE SHE WANTS.
TRY THE STACKER OVER ON DOOK STREET.
HEY, DREDD! IS IT TRUE – MAD MARIA WAS YOUR HOUSEKEEPER?
SHE SAID YOU WAS A REAL RATFINK!
YEAH, A SOLID BRICK SCUMBAG!
I GOT A BONE!
HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAA

LIQUOR
DIRTY STINKIN'-A RAT!
WHAT FOR HE COME GETTIN' INNA MY FACE AGAIN?
HEY! GIMME SOME-A MONEY!
GET AWAY!
DIRTY OLD THING!
ALWAYS THE SAME! ALWAYS THE TROUBLE! NEVER LEAVE-A THINGS ALONE! ALWAYS STICKIN' HIS BIG-A NOSE IN!
"IT'S-A THE BOTTLE TALK.N', MARIA! I SMASHA YOU BOTTLE."
DIRTY STINKIN'-A RAT!
HEY! GIMME SOME-A MONEY!
GIMME SOME-A MONEY OR I BREAKA YOU FACE!
THERE! YOU SEE!
THAT'S THE SQUALID KIND OF LIFEFORM WE HAVE TO PUT UP WITH!
DISGUSTING!

PARK STREET STACKER
IF THE JUDGES WON'T DO ANYTHING THEN WE HAVE TO.
BUT, JULIAN – THAT OLD DEADBEAT – WE MIGHT HAVE KILLED HIM! THAT'S MURDER!
I PREFER TO LOOK ON IT AS A SANITATION EXERCISE. WE'RE EXTERMINATING VERMIN, NOTHING MORE
JUST ONE MORE OPERATION TONIGHT. I HAVE AN IDEA.
MAD MARIA ..? NAW. NOT TONIGHT, JUDGE
YOU LET ME KNOW IMMEDIATELY IF SHE TURNS UP.
DREDD – YOUR CARDBOARD CITY FIRE – NO SIGN OF ANY PERPS. SEARCH UNITS ARE NEEDED ELSEWHERE. WE'LL HAVE TO PULL THEM OFF
UNDERSTOOD.
WE HAVE A MULTIPLE HOMICIDE, BROOKER STREET SENIOR JUDGE REQUIRED CAN YOU ATTEND ?
NEGATIVE. GIVE ME TEN MINUTES, CONTROL
LIQUOR
PERSONAL BUSINESS
DIRTY STINKIN'-A RAT !
OPEN

WAIT HERE, GORDON
MARV, BRING THE REST OF THE BOMBS
WH-WHAT'RE YOU PLANNING ..?
FIREWORKS, MARV! FIREWORKS!
THERE IT IS, GENTLEMEN — THAT FESTERING EYESORE!

GET 'EM READY - ALL OF THEM!
CARDBOARD CITY WAS **MADE** TO BURN!
AND FROM HERE IT'S DOWNHILL ALL THE WAY!
H-HEY-!
GEEZ, JULIAN, DON'T YOU THINK THIS IS GOING A BIT FAR? THIS IS MURDER FOR SURE!
YEAH? AND WHAT DO YOU THINK **THEY'RE** DOING TO OUR **HOUSE PRICES**?
H-HOLY MUTHA-!
AHHHHHH

AAAHHHH
RUN FER IT -!
AHHHHH
WE'LL BURN THEM OUT LIKE A CANCER! WE'LL CAUTERISE CARDBOARD CITY!
AW NAW! YOU WOULDN'T-!
FTOOOM!
CONTROL! EMERGENCY CODE RED! WE HAVE A MAJOR CONFLAGRATION!
OOWEEAAAOO
OOO
WEEAA
NEXT PROG: BURNING SOLUTION

AAAAAHHH!
HOLY MUTHA—. THE LOUSY WARS STARTED AGAIN!
KEEP 'EM COMING. BURN YOU SCUM! BURN!
HE'S GONE PSYCHO!
I DON'T UNDERSTAND IT—
JUDGE DREDD
HE ALWAYS SEEMED SO NICE AT RESIDENTS' MEETINGS!
WEEAAAOOOEE
CARDBOARD CITY PART THREE
DROKK!
WE HAVE MAJOR CASUALTIES, CONTROL!

ROSS EDMUNDO
SHAY ALAN
CARDBOARD CITY'S BURNING!

YOU CREEPS UP THERE! DON'T MOVE!
A JUDGE LET'S GO!
HEAT SEEKERS!
AAAGHHH!
WARY!
CAN'T GET CLOSE ENOUGH.
CONTROL! THREE PERPS HEADING EAST ALONG ROSS VIEW! SUSPECT PROBABLE INVOLVEMENT, CARDBOARD CITY FIRE!
MR COLOMBO-!
HE'S BEEN SHOT, GORDON! HURRY! GET US OUT OF HERE!
UHHHH
SCREEEE

HELL! EXTINGUISHERS AREN'T MUCH USE AGAINST THIS!
I'M EMPTY ANYWAY!
HANDLE THINGS HERE!
VROOOM
LOOK OUT!
GET OUT OF THE WAY-!
R-RUN HER DOWN!
NO! YOU'LL DENT THE CAR.
HONNGG HONGGGG!
SCREEEE
YOU STUPID OLD BAG. GET OUT OF THE WAY!

DON' YOU CALL-A ME NO STUPID OLD BAG! I GIVE-A YOU THE STUPID OLD BAG!
THERE! HOW YOU LIKE-A THAT, EH?
KRAANG!
OH GOD, NOT THIS-!
WEEEOOOAAAAEEEE
JHHH. THE SMELL-!
WE SHOULD HAVE JUST RUN HER OVER!
TAKE-A YOU HANDS OFFA ME!
NO!
YOU DIRTY STINK'N-A RATS. NOW YOU'VE DONE IT! NOW YOU GONNA PAY!
DROKK-MARIA!

UNNFF!
BOK
HEY-!
WHAK!
I GIVE-A YOU HEY!
KRUNKK!
NOW WHICH-A ONE A YOU CREEPS IS A GONNA PAY FOR THAT BOTTLE ?
MARIA!
I WOULDN'T HAVE BELIEVED IT IF I HADN'T SEEN IT.
I NO LIVE-A WITH YOU SO LONG I DON'-A PICK UP A FEW-A TRICKS
AN' THAT'S ALL I'M-A GONNA PICK UP -!
JUST HOLD IT THERE!

CREEPS ARE MEMBERS OF EDMUNDO ROSS BLOCK RESIDENTS' COMMITTEE. SEEMS THEY FIGURED CARDBOARD CITY WAS LOWERING THE TONE OF THE NEIGHBOURHOOD – DECIDED TO ENCOURAGE THE LOWLIFES TO MOVE ON
SEE THAT THE REST OF THAT COMMITTEE ARE INTERROGATED. WANT ALL THE GUILTY PARTIES
WELL, MARIA – YOU DID US A FAVOUR THERE. NOW I WANT YOU TO DO YOURSELF ONE – SIGN YOURSELF INTO THAT REHAB CLINIC
YOU GOT-A THE SPAGHETTI FOR BRAINS OR SOMETHIN'? I TELL YOU, I'M A HAPPY THE WAY I AM!
ONLY THING MAKIN'-A ME UNHAPPY IS SEEIN' YOU AGAIN!
AND THAT'S YOUR LAST WORD?
NO! HERE'S-A MY LAST WORD–!
IN THAT CASE YOU'RE UNDER ARREST
YOU CAN'T-A DO THIS WHAT'S-A THE CHARGE?
ASSAULT AND BATTERY – CAUSING DAMAGE TO VEHICLE – MAKING OBSCENE GESTURE
SENTENCE: CONFINEMENT TO REHAB CLINIC UNTIL SUCH TIME AS YOU'RE FIT TO REJOIN SOCIETY
TAKE HER AWAY!
YOU DIRTY STINKIN-A RAT! WHY CAN'T YOU KEEPA YOU BIG A NOSE OUTA MY LIFE!
GUESS THAT'S HOW YOU SOLVE A PROBLEM LIKE MARIA
YEP
THE END

JUDGE DREDD

ONE WAY

JUDGE DREDD! ELDON DODGE, CHANNEL 001'S "DODGE THE ISSUE"!

CHANNEL 001

I WANT TO SPEAK TO YOU ABOUT SEVERAL OF YOUR CASES WHERE YOU HAVE PLAINLY USED YOUR POWERS TO EXCESS! I'VE HAD A NUMBER OF COMPLAINTS FROM VIDDERS—

GET LOST.

YEAH. PUSH OFF! THIS IS MY ARREST!

THERE ARE SERIOUS QUESTIONS TO ANSWER ABOUT YOUR CONDUCT, JUDGE DREDD!

YOU'RE CAUSING AN OBSTRUCTION HERE!

NO, JUDGE DREDD! **YOU** ARE THE OBSTRUCTION! AN OBSTRUCTION TO NATURAL JUSTICE! TAKE THE CASE OF **AL STACK** – REMEMBER THAT NAME, JUDGE DREDD?

YOU **DEAF** OR SOMETHING?

GET HIM, DREDDY!

DODGE THE ISSUE

TIKKA TAKKA TIKKA TAKKA
DUM DUM DUM DUM

THIS IS BUT **ONE** THE INDIGNITIES I SUFFERED WHEN I TRIED TO APPROACH **JUDGE DREDD** ABOUT SOME OF HIS MORE **QUESTIONABLE** ACTIVITIES. MORE OF THAT LATER—

TONIGHT'S "**DODGE THE ISSUE**" CONCERNS A SUBJECT OF UTMOST IMPORTANCE TO US ALL. 99·99 PERCENT OF CITIZENS WILL COME UP AGAINST THE LAW AT SOME TIME IN THEIR LIVES. WHEN OUR JUDGES POSSESS POWERS ALMOST **WITHOUT LIMIT**, CAN WE **TRUST** THEM TO EXERCISE THEM WITH **DUE CONCERN** FOR THE WELFARE OF THE CITIZENS...?

OR DO UNLIMITED POWERS NATURALLY LEAD TO AN ATTITUDE OF CASUAL **INDIFFERENCE** TO THE LIVES THEY EFFECT – AND SOMETIMES DESTROY?

DO EVEN RESPECTED FIGURES SUCH AS **JUDGE DREDD** SOMETIMES GO "**OVER THE TOP**"?

OVER THE TOP

I'M IN **STEPHEN WARD** OF THE KEELER BLOCK HOSPITAL IT'S HERE THAT **AL STACK** HAS BEEN SLOWLY RECOVERING FROM HIS INJURIES FOR THE PAST THREE MONTHS. THEY SAY HE MAY ALWAYS WALK AT A SLIGHT ANGLE.

AL – WHAT HAPPENED?
I WAS JUST WALKIN' ALONG, ELDON, YOU KNOW, MINDIN' MY BUSINESS, WHEN JUDGE DREDD RUNS ME DOWN WITH HIS BIKE.
NEXT THING I KNOW IT'S THREE DAYS LATER AN' THEY'RE PUTTIN' ME BACK TOGETHER WIT' SUPERGLUE.
DID JUDGE DREDD EVER GIVE YOU ANY EXPLANATION FOR RUNNING YOU DOWN?
NOT PERSONALLY. I GOT A LETTER – NURSE READ IT OUT TO ME. IT SAID I WAS JAYWALKIN'. WHEN I GET OUTA HERE I GOTTA DO NINE MONTHS INNA CUBES
NINE MONTHS IN THE CUBES – MONTHS OF PAIN – A BODY SHATTERED ALMOST BEYOND REPAIR – ISN'T THAT A BIT EXCESSIVE FOR A JAYWALKER?
I'M NOT PREPARED TO DISCUSS CASES WITH YOU, MEATBALL.
STRIP OFF!
STRIP? WH-WHY? WHY ON EARTH SHOULD I?
BECAUSE I SAY SO AND I'M A JUDGE! GET ON WITH IT!
WHEE-EEE! GET OUT THE RUBBER GLOVES, DREDDY!
SHUDDUP!
TH-THIS IS OUTRAGEOUS! IT'S A DELIBERATE TACTIC TO HUMILIATE ME! JUST LIKE YOU DID TO CITIZEN LIZARDIA PLUNKETT –!
NEVER HEARD OF SUCH A PERSON.
OH, FORGOTTEN HER ALREADY, HAVE YOU?
NO, I NEVER HEARD OF HER. YOU DON'T FORGET A NAME LIKE LIZARDIA PLUNKETT.
UP AGAINST THE WALL! SPREAD 'EM!
LIZARDIA PLUNKETT WAS A HAPPY, CONTENTED WOMAN UNTIL THE DAY YOU ENTERED HER LIFE –
I SAID AGAINST THE WALL, MEATBALL!
OW!

BRUTALITY! YOU ALL SAW THAT! HE DELIBERATELY BANGED MY HEAD AGAINST THE WALL!
GET A CLOSE-UP ON THAT ABRASION...!
THIS IS THE LITTLE HOME WHICH LIZARDIA PLUNKETT HAD MADE HER OWN, WHICH SHE ONCE TENDED LOVINGLY...
NOW THE FLOWERS ARE DEAD AND WILTED...THE PAINT ON THE AWNINGS IS PEELING AWAY. LIZARDIA'S QUAINT HAVEN FROM LIFE'S TRIBULATIONS IS SAD, NEGLECTED AND EMPTY...
LIZARDIA— TELL US ABOUT IT.
WELL, I WAS AT A PARTY, YOU SEE, WHEN JUDGE DREDD BURST IN — WITH A LOT OF OTHER JUDGES...
HE MADE STRAIGHT FOR ME AND HE-HE MADE ME TAKE OFF MY CLOTHES AND STAND AGAINST THE WALL. A STRIP SEARCH, I THINK HE CALLED IT.
FOR LIZARDIA PLUNKETT IS A PATIENT IN A PSYCHO UNIT.
I FELT SO ASHAMED IN FRONT OF SIMPLY EVERYBODY WITH NOTHING ON. AND EVER SINCE THEN, YOU SEE, I HAVEN'T BEEN ABLE TO MEET MY FRIENDS, OR EVEN GO OUT. SO THEY PUT ME IN HERE.
I'VE... GOT A CONDITION, YOU SEE.
AND HAD YOU DONE ANYTHING TO WARRANT THE SEARCH?
OH NO...
AT LEAST...NO... I DON'T THINK I'D STRANGLED ANYONE AT THAT TIME...
NO...THAT'S RIGHT... I THINK THE STRANGLING STARTED AFTERWARDS.
WOULD YOU LIKE TO SEE MY STRANGLING WIRE?

WOULD LIZARDIA PLUNKETT MAKE FALSE ACCUSATIONS OVER A MATTER AS SERIOUS AS THIS?
SHE'S IN A PSYCHO UNIT, ISN'T SHE?
MUST BE YOUR LUCKY DAY, CREEP. YOU'RE CLEAN.
BUT ARE YOU CLEAN, JUDGE DREDD? DOES YOUR CONSCIENCE NEVER BOTHER YOU? TAKE THE CASE OF BARNOLD SMEE –
NO, YOU TAKE IT! I GOT BETTER THINGS TO DO!
YOU WITH THE KODAK AS WELL! OVER HERE!
CONTROL! GOT TWO MORE FOR THE CUBES, BOWFER STREET. SIX MONTHS EACH – OBSTRUCTING THE PEDWAY
THIS IS AN OUTRAGE!
YEAH. SHOULDA BEEN A YEAR AT LEAST!
COME BACK HERE! WHAT ABOUT GREEBLY JANOSH – WALT AND DRONGA CUPERMAN? DID YOU GO OVER THE TOP ON FATHER MOSHE COHEN? YOU CAN'T JUST RIDE OFF!
THAT HAPPENED SIX MONTHS AGO! NOW I'M WAITING OUTSIDE JUDGE DREDD'S OWN BLOCK. MY INFORMATION IS THAT DREDD HIMSELF WILL EMERGE ANY SECOND NOW.
JUDGE DREDD! ELDON DODGE, CHANNEL 001'S "DODGE THE ISSUE"!

SIX MONTHS UP, HUH?
AND YOU CAN'T GET ME FOR OBSTRUCTION THIS TIME!
NO — GUESS NOT.
CARRY ON, MEATBALL!
JUDGE DREDD! COME BACK HERE! THERE ARE STILL QUESTIONS TO ANSWER CONCERNING YOUR ILL-TREATMENT OF DECENT CITIZENS —
NOT LEAST OF ALL HONEST, LAW-ABIDING INVESTIGATIVE JOURNALISTS WHO'VE HAD THEIR LIVES BLIGHTED BY LONG AND UNNECESSARY TERMS OF IMPRISONMENT
CAN A JUDGE REFUSE TO ANSWER LEGITIMATE QUESTIONS FROM A CITIZEN? OR IS THIS YET ANOTHER EXAMPLE OF JUDGES GOING OVER THE TOP?
THIS PROGRAMME SAYS YES!
OVER THE TOP
BE ASSURED, I WILL NOT REST UNTIL I HAVE HAD ANSWERS TO THESE QUESTIONS. AS LONG AS I HAVE A VOICE JUDGE DREDD WILL NEVER BE ALLOWED TO "DODGE THE ISSUE".
UNTIL NEXT TIME — GOODNIGHT.
THE END

JUDGE SUCK!

I WAS LUCKY. MY GIRLFRIEND CANDY WAS KILLED OUTRIGHT.

I WOKE UP IN HOSPITAL WITH ONLY MY FACE STILL WORKING. THE ROBODOC EXPLAINED THAT A MIDDLE-AGED BAT-GLIDER HAD SUFFERED A HEART ATTACK AND FALLEN 400 METRES.

LOOK, GIRLS!

ON OUR HEADS

MY SPINE BROKE IN SEVENTEEN PLACES. BUT I WAS LUCKY. MY FACE STILL WORKED.

NAUGHTY LITTLE MONKEY! WRITING BAD THINGS!

OH DON'T BE CROSS WITH IT, AMANTHA! IT'S SUCH A DARLING!

THE JUDGES HELD THE BAT-GLIDER RESPONSIBLE! HE HAD A HISTORY OF HEART TROUBLE. I GOT THE INSURANCE MONEY.

IT'S GOT MY DRESS!

I SPENT IT ON A MONKEY.

EEEEEEEEKK!

OHH! I'M GOING TO FAINT!

I CALLED HER CANDY

HELP! HELP! JUDGE!

IT WAS THAT MONKEY, JUDGE! IT-IT DISROBED POOR AMANTHA!

SUCK!

YOU! GEDDOWN HERE!

TONIGHT CANDY'S ON A SUICIDE RUN.

JUDGE DREDD

A MONKEY'S TALE

SHE'S NO ORDINARY MONKEY, OF COURSE SHE'S BEEN BIONICALLY AND PSIONICALLY ENHANCED.
MEGA MELONS
ALLNITE SHOPPERA
SHE HAS A JURGENZ IMPLANT, SAME AS ME. BASICALLY, IT MEANS SHE CAN READ MY MIND.
IT WENT INTO THE SHOPPERAMA, JUDGE DREDD!
SO EVERY DAY SHE COMBS MY HAIR, AND WASHES MY FACE, AND FEEDS ME, AND ADJUSTS THE MACHINES THAT PERFORM MY VARIOUS PHYSICAL FUNCTIONS.
SNUBS
THEN SHE FLICKS CHANNELS ON TEEVEE, AND THAT'S BASICALLY IT UNTIL BEDTIME.
STOP THAT MONKEY!
YEAH, I'M REAL LUCKY
EMERGENCY STOP!
YAAAGH!
LOOK OUT-!
AAAH!

ONLY ONE THING CANDY CAN'T DO THEY BUILT IN A MENTAL BLOCK AGAINST SWITCHING MY LIFE-SUPPORT SYSTEM OFF.
TIME I PUT A STOP TO THIS!
SUICIDE'S AGAINST THE LAW IN MEGA-CITY ONE.
EXIT
WELL, I'VE HAD ENOUGH. I'M TIRED OF CRYING TEARS I CAN'T EVEN WIPE AWAY.
SHOP
I'M SICK OF BEING LUCKY
OPEN UP IN THE NAME OF THE LAW!

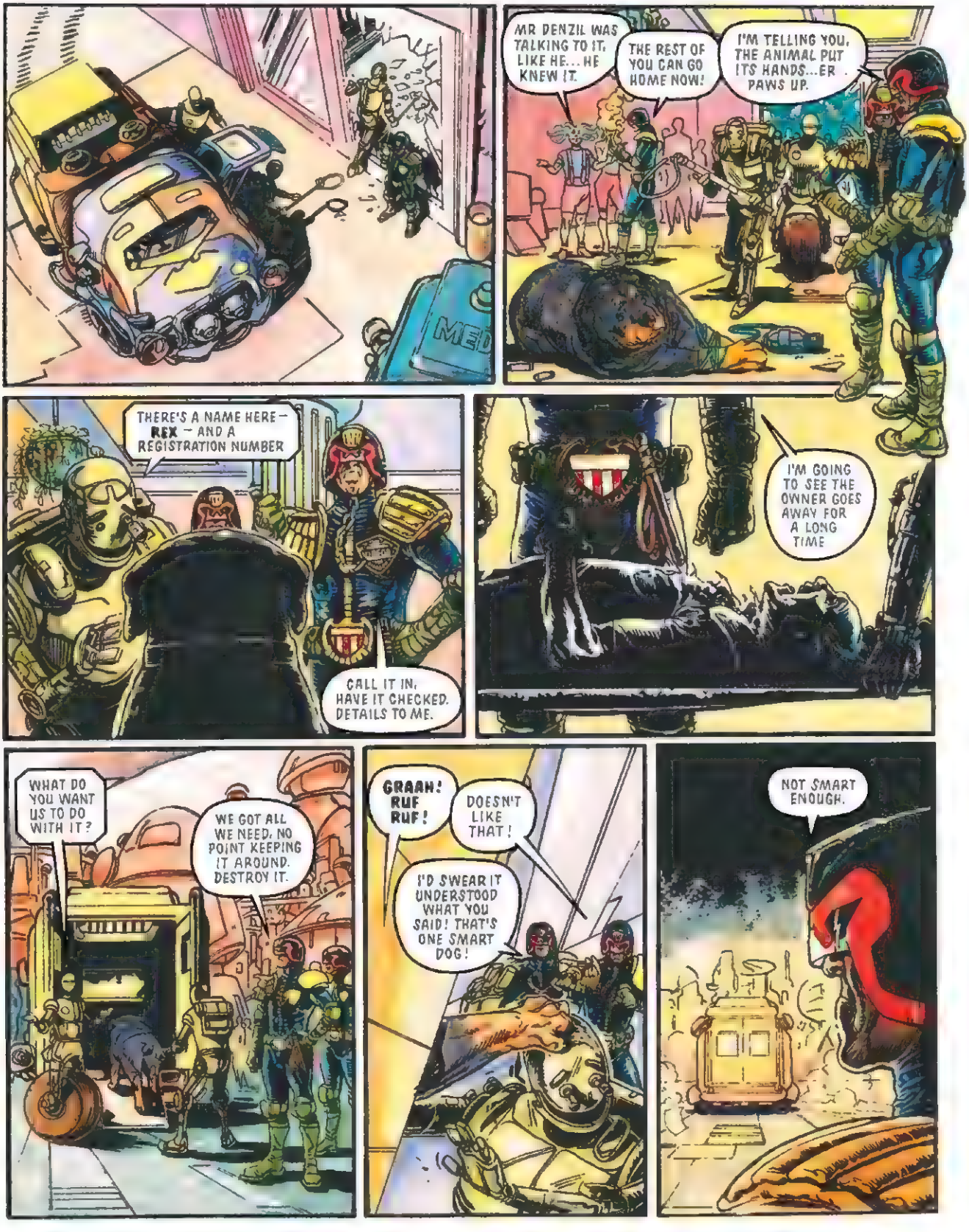
So I've set up this scam.
CANDY
NO ANSWER! MONKEY COULD BE THEIR PET—
OR IT MIGHT BE ATTACKIN' THEM!
I HATED USING CANDY LIKE THIS, BUT WHAT ELSE COULD I DO?
ANYBODY HOME?
DON'T COME NO CLOSER, LAWMAN!
BUDGER
BESIDES, IT'S FOR HER GOOD, TOO. SHE'LL BE FREE TO LIVE HER OWN LITTLE MONKEY LIFE, AT LEAST UNTIL THEY FIND HER ANOTHER CRIPPLE.
I'M HERE FOR THE MONKEY! HAND IT OVER AND SAVE YOURSELF A LOT OF TROUBLE!
NEVER! I'M WARNING YOU—I'VE GOT A GUN!
ALL THAT CRUD ON TEEVEE SERVED A PURPOSE AFTER ALL. CANDY RECORDED IT JUST LIKE I WANTED.
I'LL USE IT! I'LL BLOW YOU AWAY!
AND SHE MADE A REALLY GOOD JOB OF THE CARDBOARD MODEL
DO YOUR WORST, LAWMAN! I SWEAR YOU'LL NEVER TAKE ME ALIVE!
TIME FOR ME TO GO. BE GOOD, CANDY.

HAVE IT YOUR WAY, CREEP!
CANDY! SHE READ MY MIND! SHE—
CANDY...?
DUNNO WHAT THE DROKK'S GOIN' ON HERE, PAL — BUT THAT COULD'VE BEEN YOU!
DREDD
YOU'RE ONE LUCKY GUY!
THE END

CONFESSIONS OF A ROTTWEILER
SCRIPT JOHN WAGNER
ART D. BRAITHWAITE
LETTERING T. FRAME
DREDD TO CONTROL! WE HAVE A DANGEROUS ANIMAL AT LARGE, CANINE VARIETY, MAVIS WAY!
IN PURSUIT!
THING'S FAST! LOSING IT—
TURBO BOOST!
LOOK OUT!
WHAT IS IT?
IT'S A DOG! I SEEN ONE BEFORE!
Artisé de hair..
ANY MORE WEIGHT ON THAT AND YOU'D BE DROOPING. CAN'T HAVE YOU DROOPING, CAN WE, DEAR?
JUDGE DREDD

AAAAHH!
H-HOLY CREMOLA!
GGGRRRRRR
N-NOW, REX...!
I-LOOK, IT-IT'S NOT WHAT YOU THINK! MARJORIE AND I ARE JUST GOOD FRIENDS...
RRRRRRRRR
I...I KNOW WE'VE BEEN SEEING A LOT OF EACH OTHER, B-BUT IT'S JUST HAIR—
YOU'VE GOT TO BELIEVE ME! I—I WOULDN'T RAT ON YOU, REX! I MEAN, YOU'RE A PAL—A CHUM!

OH MERCY~!
MR DENZIL!
AHHHH!
CAN'T RISK A SHOT—
CHEW ON THAT, BOY!
DROKK!
DAMN THING'S SURRENDERING!
DREDD


MED
MR DENZIL WAS TALKING TO IT, LIKE HE... HE KNEW IT.
THE REST OF YOU CAN GO HOME NOW!
I'M TELLING YOU, THE ANIMAL PUT ITS HANDS...ER PAWS UP.
THERE'S A NAME HERE — REX — AND A REGISTRATION NUMBER
CALL IT IN, HAVE IT CHECKED. DETAILS TO ME.
I'M GOING TO SEE THE OWNER GOES AWAY FOR A LONG TIME
WHAT DO YOU WANT US TO DO WITH IT?
WE GOT ALL WE NEED. NO POINT KEEPING IT AROUND. DESTROY IT.
GRAAH! RUF RUF!
DOESN'T LIKE THAT!
I'D SWEAR IT UNDERSTOOD WHAT YOU SAID! THAT'S ONE SMART DOG!
NOT SMART ENOUGH.

THE DOG IS REGISTERED TO A CITIZEN MARJORIE YOUENS, APARTMENT 71K, DEBBIE PFEIFFER BLOCK . .
AN OWNER IS RESPONSIBLE FOR THE ACTIONS OF THEIR ANIMAL. THE LEAST CITIZEN YOUENS CAN EXPECT IS MANSLAUGHTER.
THOUGH THE WAY THE DOG MADE STRAIGHT FOR DENZIL— ALMOST LIKE IT WAS ON INSTRUCTIONS...
COULD BE A LOT MORE TO ANSWER FOR.
DREDD! THIS IS GROPIUS AT THE ANIMAL UNIT!
YOU'RE NOT GONNA BELIEVE THIS! THE DOG. IT GOT LOOSE — MADE STRAIGHT FOR THE COMPUTER!
IT'S SITTING THERE NOW — IT WON'T LET ANYONE NEAR IT!
SO WHAT'S THE PROBLEM? SHOOT IT!
IT'S NOT AS SIMPLE AS THAT! THE DOG IS OPERATING THE COMPUTER...
I THINK IT'S WRITING ITS CONFESSION!
TAP! TAP! TAP!
NEXT PROG: A DOG'S LIFE

I'M TELLING YOU, DREDD, THE **DOG** IS SITTING AT THE COMPUTER **TYPING!**

OH YEAH? WITH ITS NOSE OR ITS TAIL?

WITH ITS PAWS! THIS IS NOT A JOKE!

My name is Rex Youens. I live with my wife, Marjorie, at Apt 71K, Debbie Pfeiffer Block. This is my full and true confession...

On May 9 of this year I learned that I was dying. My body was wasting away from an incurable disease...

THERE'S ONLY ONE SOLUTION, I'M AFRAID, REX. YOUR **BRAIN** IS STILL SOUND — IT CAN BE REMOVED AND PLACED IN ANOTHER BODY.

HUMAN BODY TRANSPLANTS ARE WELL OUT OF YOUR PRICE RANGE AND NOT EASY TO COME BY.

THERE IS, HOWEVER, QUITE AN EXTENSIVE RANGE OF **ROBOTIC** REPLACEMENTS.

THANK YOU, DOCTOR. WE'LL... THINK IT OVER.

I QUITE LIKE "MISTER MUSCLE"...

YOU'D NEVER BE ABLE TO TELL THAT WASN'T REAL FLESH.

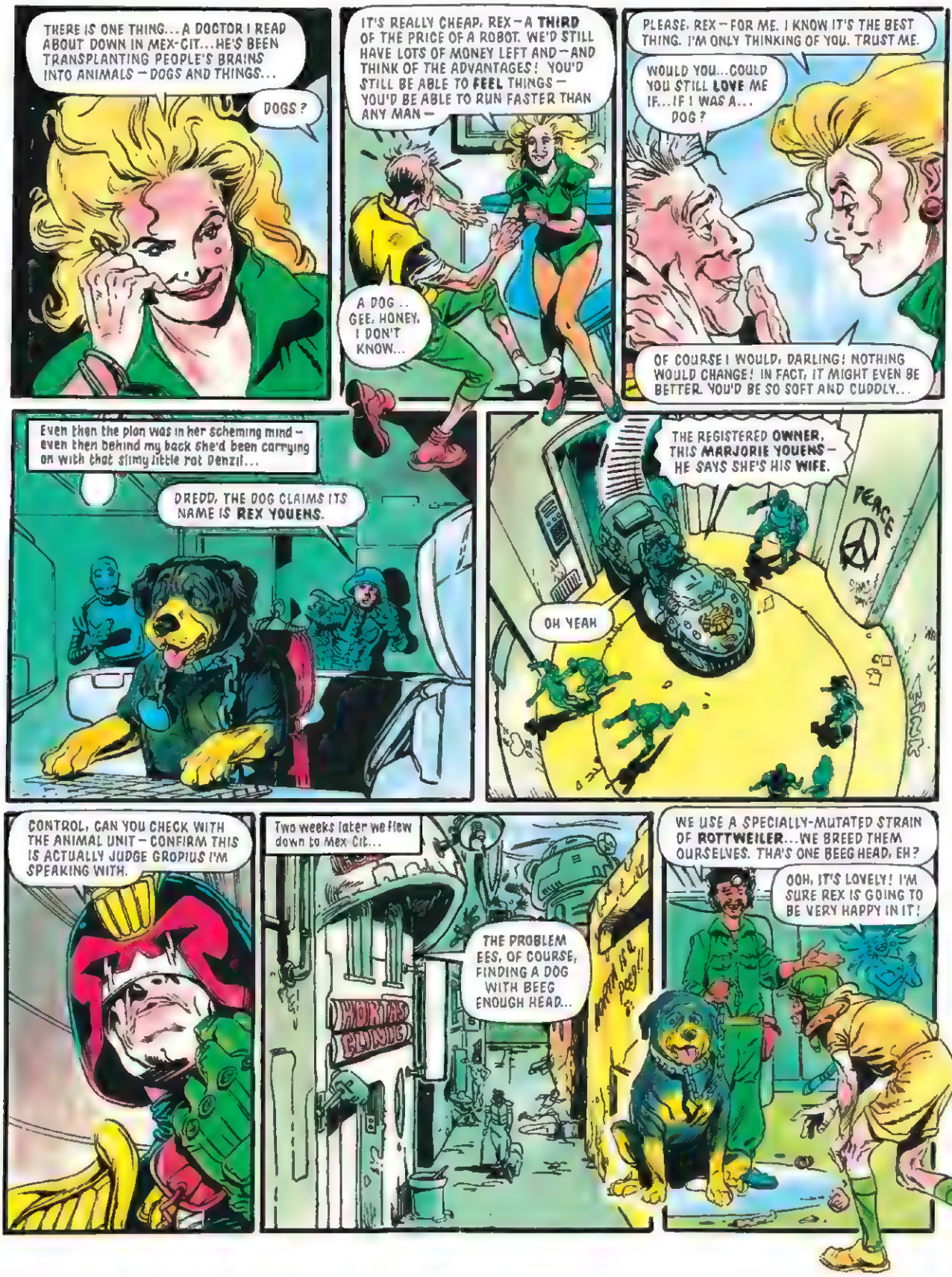
YES, BUT LOOK AT THE **PRICE**, REX. HOW CAN WE AFFORD THAT?

MUSCLES!

EVEN THE CHEAPEST MODEL IN HERE — WHY, IT WILL BREAK US! WE'LL BE OUT ON THE STREETS, REX! DO YOU WANT YOUR WIFE OUT ON THE STREETS?

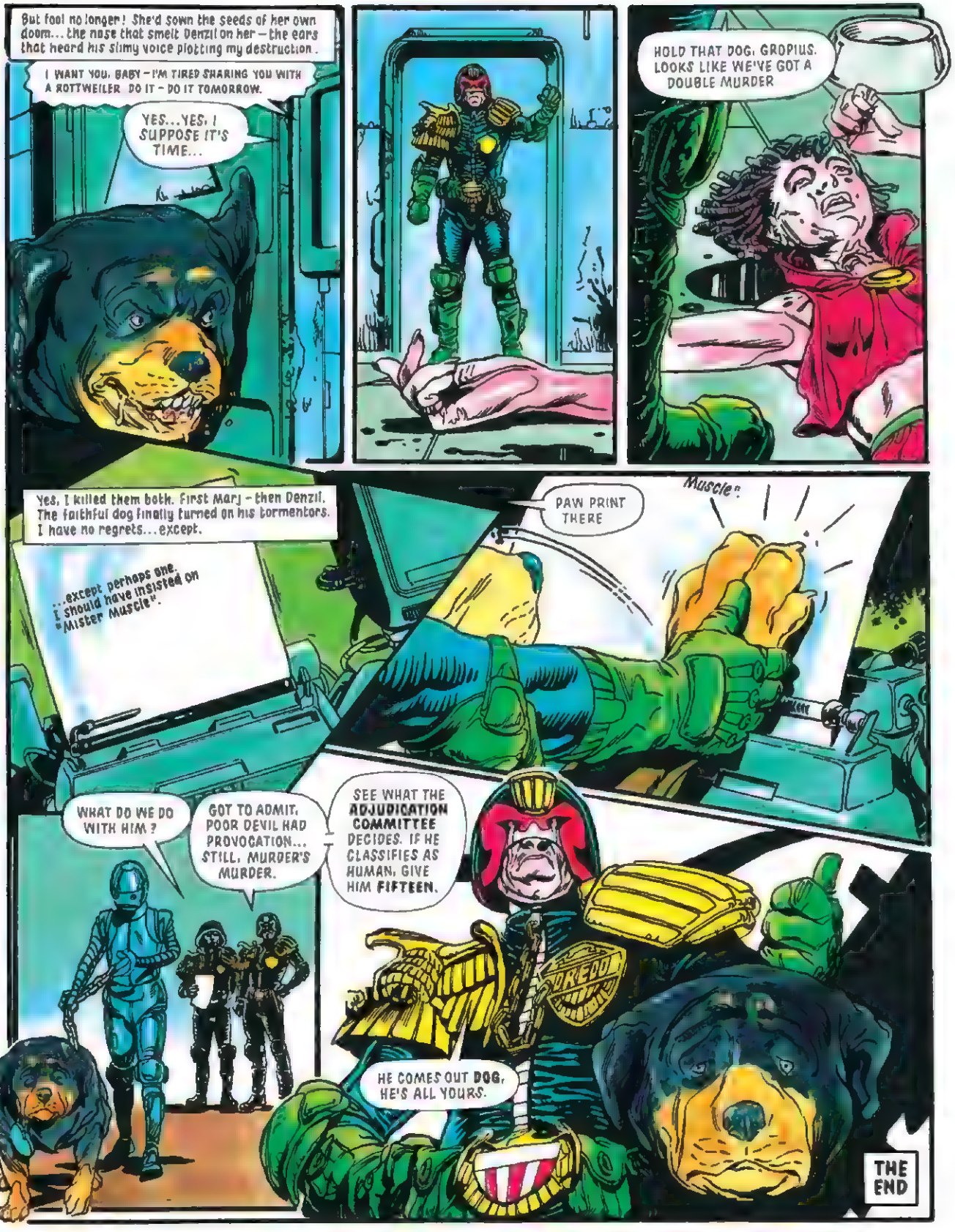
NO, HONEY, COURSE NOT... B-BUT WITHOUT A BODY I'LL DIE. WHAT'M I GOING TO **DO**?

JUDGE DREDD


THERE IS ONE THING... A DOCTOR I READ ABOUT DOWN IN MEX-CIT... HE'S BEEN TRANSPLANTING PEOPLE'S BRAINS INTO ANIMALS — DOGS AND THINGS...
DOGS?
IT'S REALLY CHEAP, REX — A THIRD OF THE PRICE OF A ROBOT. WE'D STILL HAVE LOTS OF MONEY LEFT AND — AND THINK OF THE ADVANTAGES! YOU'D STILL BE ABLE TO FEEL THINGS — YOU'D BE ABLE TO RUN FASTER THAN ANY MAN —
A DOG.. GEE, HONEY, I DON'T KNOW...
PLEASE, REX — FOR ME. I KNOW IT'S THE BEST THING. I'M ONLY THINKING OF YOU. TRUST ME.
WOULD YOU... COULD YOU STILL LOVE ME IF... IF I WAS A... DOG?
OF COURSE I WOULD, DARLING! NOTHING WOULD CHANGE! IN FACT, IT MIGHT EVEN BE BETTER. YOU'D BE SO SOFT AND CUDDLY...
Even then the plan was in her scheming mind — even then behind my back she'd been carrying on with that slimy little rat Denzil...
DREDD, THE DOG CLAIMS ITS NAME IS REX YOUENS.
THE REGISTERED OWNER, THIS MARJORIE YOUENS — HE SAYS SHE'S HIS WIFE.
PEACE
OH YEAH
CONTROL, CAN YOU CHECK WITH THE ANIMAL UNIT — CONFIRM THIS IS ACTUALLY JUDGE GROPIUS I'M SPEAKING WITH.
Two weeks later we flew down to Mex-Cit...
THE PROBLEM EES, OF COURSE, FINDING A DOG WITH BEEG ENOUGH HEAD...
WE USE A SPECIALLY-MUTATED STRAIN OF ROTTWEILER... WE BREED THEM OURSELVES. THA'S ONE BEEG HEAD, EH?
OOH, IT'S LOVELY! I'M SURE REX IS GOING TO BE VERY HAPPY IN IT!

WE STILL GONNA HAVE TO LOSE A LEETLE OF YOUR BRAIN, BUT DON' WORRY — I KEEP THE GOOD BEETS.
The operation was a complete success
THE DOCTOR SAYS YOU CAN GET UP TODAY! ISN'T THAT GREAT, REX?
WOOF
The doctor said it would take several months for links with the dog's motor nerves to form properly. I would have to relearn simple functions. Some movements I might never totally master..
And communication was a problem
I KNOW, YOU WANT TO SPEAK, DON'T YOU, DEAR... BUT THE DOCTOR SAYS YOUR FACE JUST ISN'T THE RIGHT SHAPE ANYMORE.
HOSPITAL GROUNDS
WHEN WE GET BACK TO MEGA-CITY ONE PERHAPS WE CAN GET SOMETHING ELECTRONIC FOR YOU...
WELL, MUST DASH! DENZIL'S STOPPING BY — A FLYING VISIT. I'VE GOT TO MEET HIM AT THE AIRPORT.
GOODBYE, DEAR
What a fool I was! Why couldn't I see what she was up to? Perfidious woman!
But that was always my problem. too trusting, too submissive. Too willing to think the best of people.
I should have realised when she brought me the collar and chain...
REX MARSHALL
It was red tape, she explained — easier to bring me in as a pet...
REX
736018

Denzil, Mary's hairdresser friend, was there to meet us. I'd always thought of him as a slimy sort – now he even smelt like a slimy sort
Grrrrr
YOU DO... SMELL A BIT. I'D... REALLY PREFER IT IF YOU SLEPT IN THE KITCHEN.
REX! STOP THAT GROWLING!
It was the first time she'd hit me – but it wasn't the last. Oh no! And yet I loved her – and still I trusted her Marjorie, faithless Marjorie! How I went along with her every little play!
REX, I DON'T THINK IT'S A GOOD IDEA US SHARING THE SAME BED ANYMORE...
And when she complained I was shedding hairs on the sofa and told me I had to stay in the kitchen And when my walks got shorter and she started locking me in and going out all the time
REX
And when she come back she'd smell of Denzil – always Denzil
GRRRRR!
DON'T YOU GROWL AT ME!
BAD DOG! BAD DOG!
HE GROWLED AT ME TONIGHT. I THINK HE SUSPECTS.
YOU KNOW THERE'S ONLY ONE SOLUTION FOR AN ANIMAL THAT TURNS MEAN, BABY...
IT'S TIME REX WAS... PUT DOWN


But fool no longer! She'd sown the seeds of her own doom... the nose that smelt Denzil on her – the ears that heard his slimy voice plotting my destruction.
I WANT YOU, BABY – I'M TIRED SHARING YOU WITH A ROTTWEILER. DO IT – DO IT TOMORROW.
YES...YES, I SUPPOSE IT'S TIME...
HOLD THAT DOG, GROPIUS. LOOKS LIKE WE'VE GOT A DOUBLE MURDER
Yes, I killed them both. First Mary – then Denzil. The faithful dog finally turned on his tormentors. I have no regrets...except.
...except perhaps one. I should have insisted on "Mister Muscle".
PAW PRINT THERE
Muscle?
WHAT DO WE DO WITH HIM?
GOT TO ADMIT, POOR DEVIL HAD PROVOCATION... STILL, MURDER'S MURDER.
SEE WHAT THE ADJUDICATION COMMITTEE DECIDES. IF HE CLASSIFIES AS HUMAN, GIVE HIM FIFTEEN.
HE COMES OUT DOG, HE'S ALL YOURS.
THE END

JUDGE DREDD
THE SHOOTING MATCH
ROUTINE COMBAT ASSESSMENT BEGINS.
CADET— ARE YOU READY?
AFFIRMATIVE
DREDD, ARE YOU READY?
AFFIRMATIVE.
SCRIPT JOHN WAGNER
ART JOHN HIGGINS
LETTERING S. POTTER

DREDD: KILL. POINT SIX EIGHT SECONDS.
CADET: KILL. POINT SEVEN ONE SECONDS.

DROP THAT GUN, LAWMAN, OR SHE DIES!
"DREDD: KILL. POINT NINE ONE SECONDS."
"CADET WOUND POINT NINE ZERO."
CORRECT CHOICE OF SHOT. GOOD FOLLOW-UP
RICOCHET'S ALWAYS CHANCY. NO POINTS DEDUCTED.
H-POD COMING IN FAST! SWITCH TO HIGH-EX—
JOYRIDERS!

LET THEM GO
THIS MUST BE HIS HUNDREDTH ROUTINE COMBAT ASSESSMENT—
HIS FIRST RCA...
HE COULD DO IT IN HIS SLEEP—
INCENDIARY!
THERE MUST BE NO ERROR!
SLOWING UP SOME... BUT EXPERIENCE MADE UP FOR THAT.
DREDD: KILL. ONE MISS. ONE POINT FOUR FOUR.
CADET: KILL. SINGLE SHOT. ONE POINT TWO NINE.

FOUL UP NOW AND IT WAS OVER—HE'D NEVER MAKE THE STREETS...
JUDGE! EASE OFF—
DROKK—!
FAKE!
AGA NOW COMPLETE. THANK YOU. YOU WILL BE NOTIFIED.
HE WAS ONE OF ONLY EIGHT JUDGES EVER TO SCORE THE PERFECT ONE RATING—AND HE'D DONE IT SIXTEEN TIMES.
GOOD ASSESSMENT, DREDD.
JOINING THE GREYHAIRS NOW, BUT STILL TESTING WITH THE BEST OF THEM. NOT THAT THEY'D PULL HIM OFF THE STREETS FOR ONE FOUL-UP...
A MATTER OF PRIDE, REALLY.

YOU SET THEM THE SAME COURSE?
IDENTICAL
DREDD DROPPED TWO FOR TIME— RECOVERED WELL ON THE JUMP BUT WE HAD TO CALL THE HESITATION— POINT NINE EIGHT NINE.
AND MY CADET?
ONE.
THE PERFECT ONE.
EVEN DREDD DIDN'T DO THAT FIRST TIME OUT WHO'S THE WONDER BOY, ODELL?
CLASSIFIED INFORMATION. SORRY
HOW DID I DO?
PASSABLE
PASSABLE— BUT I DIDN'T GO WRONG ONCE! WHERE DID I GO WRONG? TELL ME—
IT TAKES MORE THAN BEING RIGHT TO BE A JUDGE IN THIS CITY. PUT YOUR BADGE BACK ON AND LET'S GO.
YOU'VE STILL GOT A LOT OF WORK TO DO
NEXT PROG: YOUNG GIANT

JUDGE DREDD

Young Giant

PART ONE

WE FOUND HIM IN A REFUGEE CAMP AFTER THE WAR

HIS MOTHER WAS KILLED IN A GANG ATTACK—STREET BEGGING.

THE BOY WITNESSED THE WHOLE THING.

SHE WAS AN INTERIOR DESIGNER BEFORE THE WAR—ADELE DORMER QUITE WELL KNOWN, I BELIEVE

IT WAS ONLY ON A ROUTINE GENETIC CHECK WE REALISED WHO THE FATHER WAS

OF COURSE THE BOY WAS IMMEDIATELY INDUCTED INTO THE ACADEMY

BIT EARLY FOR STREET FAMILIARISATION

YES, BUT WE FEEL IT WOULD DO THE BOY SOME GOOD—HELP HIM CHANNEL HIS ENERGIES IN THE RIGHT DIRECTION.

HE'S A SUPERB PROSPECT—ATHLETIC, QUICK, SMART...BUT—

THERE'S AN ATTITUDE PROBLEM

ATTENTION CADET GIANT!

DEPUTY PRINCIPAL

REPORT IMMEDIATELY TO THE DEPUTY PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE.' FULL COMBAT UNIFORM!
CADET GIANT REPORTING, SIR!
YES, SIR!
YOU'LL BE GOING ON PATROL WITH JUDGE DREDD TODAY. IT IS A PRIVELEGE GRANTED TO FEW OF YOUR YEARS.
PAY ATTENTION. LEARN FROM IT.
LAWGIVER.
GOOD.
THIS WEAPON IS FOR LAST RESORT USE ONLY. YOU WILL TAKE NO ACTIVE PART UNLESS SPECIFICALLY AUTHORISED. UNDERSTOOD?
YES, SIR!
I KNEW YOUR FATHER, BOY. HE WAS A FINE JUDGE.
SO I'M TOLD, SIR.

SO GIANT HAD AN EXTRA-JUDICIAL LIASON...
ONCE HE WOULD HAVE BEEN OUTRAGED. NOW... JUST DISAPPOINTED.
GIANT... HOTSHOT GIANT... NEVER FIGURED HIM TO FALL FOR IT...
SURE, MAYBE THEY'D ALL BE BETTER IF THEY KNEW WHAT IT WAS LIKE TO LOVE SOMEONE...
BUT THAT WAS THE TRAP—THE SUBTLE TRAP.
BECAUSE WHEN YOU LOVED SOMEONE YOU STARTED WORRYING ABOUT WHAT HAPPENED TO THEM—TO YOU. YOU LOST YOUR EFFECTIVENESS ON THE STREETS.
MAYBE THAT'S WHY GIANT BOUGHT IT—BECAUSE PART OF HIS MIND WAS ON HER, ON STAYING ALIVE FOR HER...
AND NOW HE HAD TO HELP TEACH THIS BOY NOT TO LOVE—ANYONE OR ANYTHING. ANYTHING BUT THE LAW.
BUT THEN, MAYBE LOVE WASN'T THE PROBLEM.
DREDD TO CONTROL! ON SPECIAL PATROL, UTAH BOULEVARD. CADET GIANT ACCOMPANYING.
ROGER. NO INSTRUCTIONS AT THIS TIME.
SO YOU WANT TO BE A JUDGE?
I... I GUESS SO, SIR.
YOU DON'T SOUND VERY SURE, GIANT.
BEING A JUDGE'S WOMAN NEVER HELPED MY MOTHER, SIR... WHERE WERE THE JUDGES WHEN SHE NEEDED THEM? WHERE WAS MY FATHER?
DEAD.
DIED IN THE LINE OF DUTY, TRYING TO PREVENT THE CATASTROPHE HAPPENING IN THE FIRST PLACE.

TYPICAL CITY STREET. WHAT DO YOU SEE?
I DON'T UNDERSTAND...
LOOK PRETTY PEACEFUL?
YES, I GUESS...
THERE'S ALWAYS SOMETHING GOING ON, SON THE MINUTE YOU DROP YOUR GUARD, THE MINUTE YOU LOSE CONCENTRATION, THAT'S WHEN IT SNEAKS UP AND GETS YOU.
SEE THE CREEP IN THE EARFLAPS?
SOON AS HE SAW US HE TURNED AND HEADED THE OTHER WAY.
COULD BE A DIP WORKING THE CROWD— COULD BE SOMETHING ELSE...
LET'S CHECK HIM.
RUNNING FROM THE LAW— WE CAN MAKE A PRESUMPTION OF GUILT!

WELL, WELL... I SEE WE'RE IN THE MAGAZINE TRADE
VI-ZINES. THEY PICK UP SOMEONE OFF THE STREETS, TORTURE THEM AND TAKE PICTURES OF IT
YOU'D BE SURPRISED HOW MANY WARPOS'LL BUY THIS FILTH
ACADEMY OF LAW
AHHH! DON'T—
LEAVE HER ALONE! LEAVE MY MA ALONE!
GODDAM KID! HE STUCK ME!
TORTURE MAGAZINE
WE'LL FOLLOW THIS ONE UP. MIGHT BE AN EDUCATION FOR YOU
NEXT PROG: YOUNG GUNS!

GODDAM KID! HE STUCK ME!

YOU LEAVE MY MA ALONE!

YOU'RE GONNA *DIE*, KID—

UNGGG!

GODDAM KID! GEDDIM! GEDDIM!

WEEEEAAAAA

C'MON, HAWG!

I WANNIM—!

WE GOTTA GO!

MA!

OOOOAAAAAAOOO

"THEY BEAT HER TO DEATH. THREE CREDS FIFTY IN SMALL CHANGE, THAT'S ALL SHE HAD .."

JUDGE DREDD

Young Giant

PART TWO

JOHN WAGNER
CARLOS EZQUERRA
LETTERING J. POTTER

WEEEOOOAAAAAAOOOOO
YOU! COME BACK HERE!
"THE MOTHER'S KILLERS WERE NEVER FOUND. A NICKNAME— HOG OR HAWS— A CHILD'S DESCRIPTION— THAT'S ALL WE HAD TO GO ON."
IT WAS NINE WEEKS BEFORE WE PICKED THE BOY UP. HE'D BEEN LIVING ROUGH ON THE STREETS ALL THAT TIME. IT'S A MIRACLE HE SURVIVED.
WE REALISED THEN THIS WAS NO ORDINARY CHILD WE WERE DEALING WITH.
HE'S GIANT ALL OVER AGAIN.
TROUBLE IS, WE MAY HAVE GOT TO HIM TOO LATE...
HE'S SEEN TOO MUCH, TOO SOON. HE'S FULL OF ANGER— RAGE ...KEEPS IT ALL BOTTLED UP INSIDE HIM.
UNDERSTANDABLE, BUT...
GIANT
"UNLESS WE CAN FIND A WAY TO RELEASE THESE FEELINGS— DIRECT THEM MORE PRODUCTIVELY —HE'LL NEVER BE ANY USE TO US."
LET'S TAKE THIS FROM THE TOP AGAIN, CREEP—

THE ONLY TRUE STATEMENT YOU'VE MADE SO FAR IS YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS! WE CHECKED YOUR APARTMENT— YOU GOT VI-ZINES STACKED UP KNEE HIGH! NOW I WANT TO KNOW WHERE YOU'RE BUYIN' THIS FILTH AND WHO YOU'RE SELLING IT TO!
IT-IT'S MORE THAN MY LIFE'S WORTH—!
WELL LET'S SEE NOW... JUST HOW MUCH IS YOUR LIFE WORTH?
WHAT SENTENCE WOULD YOU GIVE HIM, SON?
DEATH.
I'D MAKE A VI-ZINE OUT OF HIM.
THERE YOU ARE... BUT HE'S JUST A CADET. HE DOESN'T UNDERSTAND WE'RE NOT ALLOWED TO DO THAT.
WHY, MOST I COULD GIVE YOU FOR POSSESSION WITH INTENT TO SELL IS MAYBE SIX YEARS...
PHEW!
BUT THEN WE'VE GOT TO REMEMBER YOU HAD OVER SIX HUNDRED OF THEM. IF MY ARITHMETIC'S RIGHT WE'RE TALKING THREE THOUSAND YEARS... MINIMUM.
YOU CAN'T DO THAT!
TRY ME.
'COURSE THERE'S ANOTHER OPTION... YOU TELL US WHAT WE WANT TO KNOW ANYWAY— AND YOU STILL DO THE THREE THOUSAND.
GEEZ—!
YOU'D HAVE EXECUTED HIM?
HE DESERVES TO DIE, DOESN'T HE?

MAYBE... PROBABLY THE WORLD WOULD BE A LOT BETTER OFF WITHOUT HIM. THANKFULLY, THAT'S NOT OUR DECISION TO TAKE.
SURE, WE GET ANGRY. ALL TOO OFTEN IT WOULD BE EASY TO PULL THE TRIGGER ON SOME CREEP. AND WHEN YOU'VE DONE IT ONCE, WHY NOT AGAIN? WHERE DO YOU DRAW THE LINE? WHERE DOES IT END?
NO, THE DAY WE START TREATING LIFE AS CHEAPLY AS SCUM LIKE HIM, WE PUT OURSELVES ON HIS LEVEL.
CREEP'S A MIDDLEMAN, SUPPLIES THIRTEEN OUTLETS IN THE SECTOR.
WHO SUPPLIES HIM?
HE PICKS UP AT A SMALL PRINT SHOP ON J. EDGAR HOOVER — B&B SPRINTPRINT.
" 'KAY, YOU TAKE THE OUTLETS, WE'LL CHECK OUT SPRINTPRINT "
B&
SPRINTPRINT
JUDGE DREDD!
WHAT IS IT? TICKETS FOR THE JUDGES' BALL?
HA! HA! JUST MY LITTLE JOKE!
THIS YOUR LITTLE JOKE TOO?

A VI-ZINE... OH, MY, THAT POOR DEVIL! WHAT ARE THEY— OH, GRUD! THIS IS SICKENING..
ONE THING YOU LEARN ABOUT CRIMINALS — EVERY ONE OF THEM THINKS HE'S AN ACTOR
I'M CONDUCTING A SEARCH
HEY, WAIT A MINUTE! YOU DON'T THINK WE HAD ANYTHING TO DO WITH THIS —
STAND ASIDE!
HOLD THE PRESSES, BOYS! THIS IS A RAID!
NEXT PROG: IN THE FIRING LINE!

WELL, WELL... WHAT HAVE WE HERE..?

DROP IT!

"CUT AND RUN" ... "TORTURE PICTURE WEEKLY"... "THE PANCREAS OF PAULINE"...

YOU CREEPS EVER FEEL *DIRTY* WHEN YOU PRINT THIS STUFF?

YOU WOULDN'T PULL THAT TRIGGER, SONNY

TRY ME.

JUDGE DREDD

Young Giant

PART THREE

YOU'RE JUST A KID, JUST A BABY JUDGE..

DON'T DO IT, MISTER...

YOU HAVEN'T GOT THE GUTS!

ACADEMY OF LAW

BA-DAM!!
GET HIM—!
GET THIS, CREEP!
WHAT IS THIS—SPRINTPRINT SUICIDE SQUAD?
I—I DON'T WANT NO TROUBLE, JUDGE.
KEEP IT THAT WAY.

YOU UNDERSTOOD YOUR WEAPON WAS FOR LAST RESORT USE ONLY.
I... HAD TO DO IT.
THROUGH THE HEAD...
GOOD IF YOU HAVE TO SHOOT IN THESE CIRCUMSTANCES, MAKE SURE IT COUNTS
CONTROL, WE GOT ONE FOR THE MEAT WAGON, B&B SPRINTPRINT BACK-UP REQUIRED FOR INTERROGATION
ONE SHOT, RIGHT ON THE BUTTON.
KID MUST HAVE SOME SAND.
"GIANT... HE SOME RELATION?"
SON
"YOU'RE JOKING."
"THAT'S WHAT DREDD SAID."

I thought they was just 'ACTIN', judge! Honest ta grud, if I knew people was really bein' cut up—
Don't give me that!
CONCENTRATE ON WHERE THEY GOT THE PICTURES. WE'RE GOING TO BUST THIS WHOLE OPERATION WIDE OPEN.
BOY'S SHAKIN' LIKE A LEAF. GOOD SIGN.
HOW DOES IT FEEL TO KILL, SON? LIKE IT? WORK OFF ANY OF THAT ANGER?
NO, SIR.
NO, IT'S NOT A GOOD FEELING, IS IT?
THAT'S WHAT MAKES US DIFFERENT FROM CREEPS LIKE THIS— CREEPS WHO ENJOY IT.
GO ON, TAKE A GOOD LOOK! YOU'RE YOUNG BUT YOU MIGHT AS WELL KNOW WHAT YOU'LL BE DEALING WITH— THE DEPTHS HUMAN BEINGS CAN SINK TO...
NICE, ISN'T IT? MURDER FOR PLEASURE AND PROFIT.
NO! DON'T—!

LEAVE HER ALONE! LEAVE MY MA ALONE!
IT'S... HIM...!
THE KID STUCK ME!
THAT SCAR ON HIS LIP— I REMEMBER...
HE'S ONE OF THEM! HE KILLED MY MA!
NEXT PROG: REVENGE IS THE BEST SUCCESS!

THE CREEP WITH THE V-SCAR! I WANT HIM!

WHERE DID YOU GET THESE PICTURES? WHO SOLD THEM TO YOU?

I TELL YOU I DON'T KNOW! I JUST PRINT THE STUFF! WHY DONCHA ASK HEWBY?

BUT YOU CAN'T, CAN YOU? 'COS YOUR BABY JUDGE SHOT HIM, DIDN'EE?

LIE DETECTOR SAYS YOU'RE FULLA GARBOLA, CREEP! STOP WASTING MY TIME!

FOUND THIS IN THE SAFE— LOOKS LIKE A PAYMENTS BOOK. ALL THE ENTRIES ARE IN CODE.

GIVE US SOME TIME TO WORK ON THEM, DREDD

TAKE THE KID FOR A SODA, CALM HIM DOWN A BIT LOOKS LIKE HE COULD DO WITH IT

JUDGE DREDD

Young Giant

PART FOUR

YOU'RE NOT GIVING UP NOW! YOU CAN'T!

HE WAS ONE OF THE RATS THAT KILLED MY MOTHER! I *WANT* HIM!

YOU WANT HIM, HUH?

SCRIPT V. MAGNER
ART C. EZQUERRA
LETTERING C. POTTER

HOW DO YOU WANT HIM? DEAD— ALIVE? LEGAL? ILLEGAL?

DEAD. I WANT HIM DEAD.

PLAIN SODA, EASY ON THE FIZZ, NO ADDITIVES

ON THE HOUSE, JUDGE!

NOT PERMITTED. BILL THE DEPARTMENT.

WRONG ANSWER!

DRINK

DRINK!

I DON'T WANT—

YOU'VE GOT TO ASK YOURSELF RIGHT NOW, SON — DO YOU WANT TO BE A JUDGE OR DON'T YOU?
WE'VE MADE A LOT OF ALLOWANCES FOR YOU, BUT IT CAN'T GO ON FOREVER. EITHER YOU GET YOUR HEAD STRAIGHT — OR YOU'RE GONE
SURE, YOU'VE GOT A RIGHT TO BE ANGRY — YOU'VE GOT A RIGHT TO HATE. BUT YOU'RE LETTING IT CONTROL YOU.
BECAUSE YOU HATE ONE CREEP SO MUCH YOU'RE WILLING TO THROW YOUR WHOLE LIFE AWAY. NOW THAT'S JUST DUMB.
AND I THOUGHT YOU GIANTS HAD SMARTS.
THE PHOTOGRAPHS WERE SUPPLIED BY ONE JERRY KANZ — GOT A STUDIO, 1141a YET I.
"V-SCAR'S A VI-ZINE REGULAR ALWAYS WORKS FOR KANZ"
JERRY KANZ PHOTOGRAPHER
WHAT ARE THE RULES REGARDING FORCED ENTRY?
CLOSED
A JUDGE IS EMPOWERED TO ENTER ANY PLACE AT ANY TIME. THE CITIZEN HAS NO RIGHT OF REFUSAL.
GOOD.
ON YOUR GUARD NO TELLING WHAT WE'LL FIND.

UNGGGG!
WHUNK!
BEAUTIFUL, RANDY! BEAUTIFUL!
KLICK KLICK
UNGGGGG!
LET ME FEEL THOSE RIBS CRACK, HAWG!
BZZZZZZZZZZZZ
THE SHOP!
SOMEONE'S BREAKING IN!
HAWG— GET THE CHAINSAW READY. SHAN'T BE A TICK.

JUST YOUR NORMAL PHOTOGRAPHER'S SHOP...
WEDDING HOLOS.
ALL PRETTY INNOCENT...
GEEzzz!
ZZZZZEEEEEEEEE
PLEASE... PLEASE, LET ME GO..! WHY ARE YOU DOING THIS..?
ZZZZ EEE
STOP WHININ'! YOU WANTED TO BE A STAR, DINCHA, PALLY?
WELL, YOU GOT YOUR WISH! YOU GOT A WHOLE VI-ZINE ALL TO YOURSELF!
ZZZZZZ EEEEE

LOOK AT THIS—
A SCRAPE MARK—LIKE THIS SHELVING SWINGS OUT...
JUST HERE—
SNIK
IT'S THE LAW!
DRAW YOUR WEAPON. YOU MAY WELL NEED IT
I LEAVE IT TO YOUR DISCRETION.
NEXT PROG: CRIMES AND PUNISHMENT!

JUDGE DREDD

Young Giant

PART FIVE

Listen...!

HE'S FOUND THE DOOR! HE'S COMING!

IT WAS DREDD— I SAW HIM!

HELL! WE'RE DONE FOR!

HE'LL SEE EVERYTHING!

THEN WE'LL HAVE TO MAKE SURE HE NEVER GETS OUT TO TELL THE TALE..!

HELP! HELLLPP!

Helllpppp!

SHUT UP!

SCRIPT J WAGNER
ART C GRAUERRA
LETTERING J POTTER

BACK OFF—!
YOU WON'T BE NEEDIN' THE POPGUN, KID!
ZEEEEE innngGGREEEEE!

HEAT SEEKERS!
AAAHHHHH!
SHINNGGG
AHHHHH!
YES .. YOU'RE THE ONE!
I'M THE WHAT?
ZEEEEEE
YOU DON'T REMEMBER ME, DO YOU, HAWG?
HUH? HOW D'YA KNOW MY NAME?
HE STUCK ME! THE KID STUCK ME!

YOU DON'T REMEMBER— BUT I DO!
ZZEEE
AND NOW YOU'RE GOING TO PAY!
UNGGGGG!
YOU SCUM! YOU KILLED MY MOTHER AND YOU DON'T EVEN REMEMBER!
WELL I'M GOING TO MAKE YOU REMEMBER!
DON'T SHOOT— OH, GEEZ, PLEASE!
PLEase.....!
"THE DAY WE START TREATING LIFE AS CHEAPLY AS SCUM LIKE HIM, WE PUT OURSELVES ON HIS LEVEL."
"SURE, YOU'VE GOT A RIGHT TO BE ANGRY—YOU'VE GOT A RIGHT TO HATE. BUT YOU'RE LETTING IT CONTROL YOU."
"ASK YOURSELF RIGHT NOW, SON— DO YOU WANT TO BE A JUDGE OR DON'T YOU?"

ON YOUR FEET! I'M TAKING YOU IN!
I THINK YOU'RE GOING TO MAKE IT, SON.
LOCK HIM UP AND THROW AWAY THE KEY!
YOU WERE WATCHING? YOU'D HAVE LET ME SHOOT HIM?
LET'S SAY I TOOK A CALCULATED RISK.
SO ONE VICTIM OF THE VI-MONGERS SURVIVES... HOW MANY MORE ARE OUT THERE RIGHT NOW, DYING AS WE SPEAK? BEING MUTILATED, TORTURED—
WE CAN'T BE EVERYWHERE — WE CAN'T SAVE EVERYONE. THERE'S A LOT OF SCUM OUT THERE AND TOO FEW OF US.
THE MOST WE CAN HOPE IS TO DO OUR BEST.
I UNDERSTAND, SIR. I'LL TRY. I'LL TRY REALLY HARD.
GOOD. BECAUSE I'M NOT GOING TO GO ON FOREVER. IT'S IMPORTANT TO KNOW THE CITY WILL CONTINUE TO BE IN SAFE HANDS.
YOU MAY RETURN TO THE ACADEMY NOW—
— CADET!
SIR!
The End

JUDGE DREDD
POLITICS
VANILLA BATCAVE
FRIENDS, ROMANS, MEGA-CITIZENS – LEND ME YOUR EARS!
I COME NOT TO BURY DEMOCRACY – BUT TO PRAISE IT!
AS A FAMOUS MOVIE WRITER ONCE SAID: THE QUALITY OF DEMOCRACY IS NOT STRAINED. IT DROPS LIKE RAIN OR SOMETHING UPON THE CITY BELOW!
NOW, I'M NOT PREACHING REVOLUTION. FOR ONE THING, I'D BE CUBED IF I DID. ALL I'M SAYING IS – SEE MY LATEST MOVIE, "TRAINS, PLANES AND DEMOCRATS." THINK ABOUT IT.
IF YOU DON'T LIKE IT, WHY, NO PROBLEM. IF YOU DO, GO SEE THE SEQUEL – BUY THE VIDSLUG, THE BOOK, THE COMIC, THE BADGES, THE UNDERWEAR...
AND ASK YOURSELF – WHAT MIGHT DEMOCRACY MEAN TO ME?
HEY! WHATTA DOLL, HUH, JUDGE?
IF SHE BELIEVES WHAT SHE'S SAYING, SHE'S A FOOL. AN' IF YOU BELIEVE IT, YOU'RE A BIGGER FOOL!
SEZ YOU! VANILLA BATCAVE COULD TELL ME TO THINK OF RANCID DOGMEAT AN' I'D BE HAPPY TO!
YOU GOT SUCH A DOWN ON HER, WHY DONCHA ARREST HER? BOY, YOU'D SOON FIND OUT WHAT TROUBLE IS!
LISTEN, CHUMP – AN' LISTEN GOOD! SHE HASN'T BROKEN ANY LAW... YET. MOMENT SHE DOES, WE'LL BE DOWN ON HER LIKE A TON OF MUNCE!
AND IF YOU OR ANY OF YOUR RADICAL BUDDIES INTERFERE, YOU'LL BE COUNTIN' YOUR VOTES IN A CUBE FOR THE NEXT TEN YEARS!

WHAT THE DROKK . ?
EVERYBODY DOWN! WE'RE UNDER ATTACK!
THEY GOT MURRAY!
KEEP OUT OF THE WAY OF THOSE BEAMS! HIT 'EM WITH EVERYTHING YOU GOT!
IT'S NO GOOD! THEY'RE USIN' FORCE SHIELDS!

LAWGIVERS TO HI-EX! BLAST 'EM OUT OF THE AIR. IN THE NAME OF THE L
AAAUUGH!
AAAHHH!
ONE MAN ONE VOTE

NOBODY MOVE — NOBODY INTERFERE — AN' NOBODY ELSE GETS HURT!
MAKE IT EASY ON YASSELF, LADY! COME QUIET!
OHMYGRUD! K-KEEP BACK FROM ME!
SO PLAY IT THE HARD WAY!
ANYBODY WANTS TA KNOW — TELL 'EM THE SONS OF THE IRON LADY TOOK HER!
AN' IF YA GOT ANY SENSE, DON'T THINK ABOUT DEMOCRACY!
ALL RIGHT — LINE UP ORDERLY! WE WANT STATEMENTS FROM EVERY ONE OF YOU ABOUT WHAT WENT DOWN HERE!

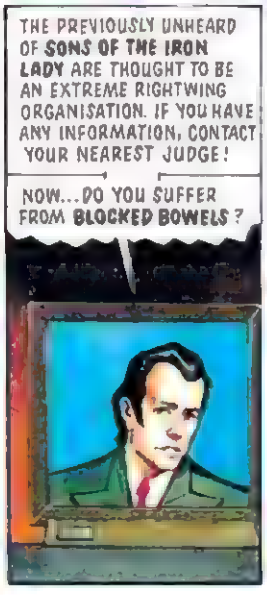
TWO MINUTES TO RENDEZVOUS THINK HE'LL MAKE IT ?
I'D BET ON IT – IF GAMBLIN' WASN'T ILLEGAL !

THERE HE IS NOW !

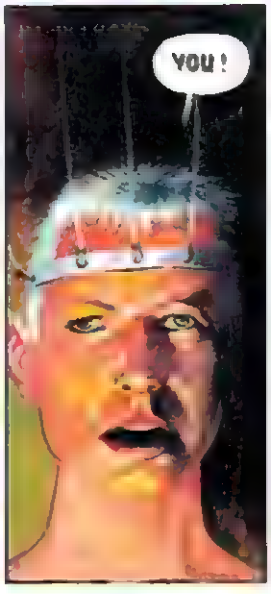
SHE'S ALL YOURS ONE DEMOCRATIC VIDSTAR

"DO YOUR WORST."

--GANG GRABBED VIDSTAR-CUM-BUDDING-POLITICO **VANILLA BATCAVE**! SEVERAL JUDGES INJURED IN THE ATTACK – INCLUDING SENIOR LAWMAN **JUDGE DREDD** – ARE SAID TO BE STABLE IN MED-BAY!


THE PREVIOUSLY UNHEARD OF **SONS OF THE IRON LADY** ARE THOUGHT TO BE AN EXTREME RIGHTWING ORGANISATION. IF YOU HAVE ANY INFORMATION, CONTACT YOUR NEAREST JUDGE!
NOW...DO YOU SUFFER FROM **BLOCKED BOWELS** ?

IF SO, WHY NOT TRY **BUSTAGU**-- KLIK!
WELCOME BACK, CITIZEN!


YOU !

ME.
BUT HOW...? I MEAN – I SAW YOU SHOT!
WHAT...WHAT EXACTLY IS GOING ON HERE? HAVE I BEEN RESCUED
OR WHAT?
THE ASSAULT SQUAD – THE SO-CALLED SONS OF THE IRON LADY – ARE UNDER-COVER JUDGES THEIR GUNS FIRED HARMLESS LIGHT BEAMS
THEN – IT WAS ALL A PHONEY! YOU SET ME UP! BUT WHY? WHY?
ISN'T IT OBVIOUS? THERE'S NO ROOM FOR DEMOCRACY IN THIS SOCIETY. TO EVEN ASK THEM TO THINK ABOUT IT IS TO INVITE DISSATISFACTION – DISOBEDIENCE – REBELLION!
JUSTICE DEPARTMENT CAN'T ALLOW THAT.
CITIZEN VANILLA BATCAVE, YOU ARE HEREBY SENTENCED TO REMEDIAL ELECTRO-SHOCK THERAPY AND FACE-CHANGE. YOU WILL BE REHABILITATED AND DEPORTED TO AN OFF-WORLD COLONY!
BUT YOU CAN'T DO THIS! I BROKE NO LAW! IT ISN'T FAIR!
POLITICS IS A DIRTY BUSINESS, CITIZEN...
AND DEMOCRACY JUST AIN'T WORTH IT!
THE END

JUDGE DREDD
HI!
WE'VE MET BEFORE. REMEMBER ME? YOU PROBABLY DON'T. BUT I REMEMBER YOU VERY WELL – WHICH IS SURPRISING CONSIDERING YOU'RE PROBABLY A FIGMENT OF MY IMAGINATION.
I'VE JUST FINISHED SERVING MY TIME IN THE CUBES. I MUST SAY I THINK IT'S DONE ME A POWER OF GOOD!
BUT THEN I WOULD SAY THAT. I'M MENTAL!
OW!
NOW THAT'S ONE DUMB PLACE TO STICK A TITLE? WHAT'S IT SAY –?
IT STILL PAYS TO BE MENTAL...
WELL, THAT'S TRUE ENOUGH!
'SCUSE ME WHILE I JUST STEP OVER THIS HERE –
STILL
IT PAYS TO BE MENTAL

Y'KNOW, WHILE I WAS IN THE CUBES I DISCOVERED SOMETHIN' REALLY INTERESTING...
EVERY TIME I SPEAK THIS WEIRD WHITE BUBBLE APPEARS BESIDE ME WITH ALL MY WORDS IN IT!
LOOK! THERE'S ONE NOW!
THERE'S ANOTHER ONE!
AND ANOTHER!
WOW!
THEY'RE POPPING UP ALL OVER THE PLACE!
IT'S LIKE A PARTY IN HERE!
YOU!
WHAT'S THE BIG IDEA, PRANCING ROUND THERE LIKE A FAIRY?
SEE! HE'S GOT ONE TOO!
WHAT'VE I GOT? WHO ARE YOU TALKING TO?
THEM
WHO?
THEM OUT THERE.
WE'VE MET BEFORE, HAVEN'T WE, CREEP?
ABSOLUTELY.

MY CARD
THE REASON OF THIS CARD IS
MENTAL
CERTIFIED CLASS D. FAIRLY HARMLESS RELEASED TO COMMUNITY CARE.
I REMEMBER... I SENT YOU AWAY. ASSAULTING A JUDGE – NAMELY ME. *
I WAS ON SHRINK'S ORDERS, SIR.
AS I RECALL I PUT THE SHRINK AWAY TOO.
* THARGNOTE SEE PROG 448
LEARNED YOUR LESSON?
GIVE YOU THREE GUESSES.
DON'T GIMME YOUR MOUTH, PUNK!
WASN'T CONSIDERING IT SIR. I'M VERY ATTACHED TO IT.
YOU LOOKIN' TO PULL MORE TIME?
DREDD
SOUNDS GOOD!
GO ON, GET OUTA HERE! DON'T LET ME CATCH YOU PRANCIN' AROUND! AND KEEP YOUR NOSE CLEAN THIS TIME!
YES SIR! I'LL WASH IT AT ONCE!
AND WIPE THAT SMILE OFF YOUR FACE.!
JUDGES! THEY DON'T KNOW HOW TO DEAL WITH SOMEONE LIKE ME!
I'VE GOT A SUNNY DISPOSITION, SEE. I SEE THE BRIGHT SIDE OF EVERYTHING – AN' IN A PLACE LIKE MEGA-CITY ONE THAT'S SAYIN' SOMETHIN'!
PSSSSTTT!

I'M BEING HISSED AT BY A LARGE SUITCASE.
A BIT OUT OF THE ORDINARY, THAT, YOU MIGHT SAY. NOT ME.
JUST A NORMAL, EVERYDAY SORT OF OCCURENCE IN MY LIFE!
I THINK IT WANTS ME TO FOLLOW IT.
I'M GAME!
KEEP MY CITY OF TIDY
CUBE
IT'S STOPPED!
RAP!
RAP!
RAP!
HELLO! ANYBODY IN THERE?
VE ARE ALONE?
YOU VER NOT FOLLOWED?
HEY! I RECOGNISE THAT VOICE!
IT'S MY OLD SHRINK! FANCY MEETING YOU HERE!
IS NOT SURPRISING. I VAS IN ZE NEXT CUBE TO YOU. I VAS LET OUT TODAY ALSO.
HAF YOU NOT SEEN? ZEY ARE EVERYWHERE! PEOPLE – MILLIONS OF ZEM! ALL AROUND – VATCHING ME!
ALL THOSE EYES, VATCHING EVERYZING I DO! ZEY ARE DRIVING ME BONKERS!
THERE IS ONLY VUN HOPE FOR ME! ONLY VUN PLACE IS SAFE! ONLY VUN PLACE CAN I BE TRULY ALONE!
YOU MUST HELP ME! HELP ME GET BACK IN MY CUBE!!
SEE? THAT'S WHERE IT PAYS TO BE MENTAL! IF I'D BEEN SANE WHEN I WENT INTO THE CUBES I MIGHT'VE COME OUT AS CRAZY AS HE IS!

"AS IT IS I'M JUST CRAZY ENOUGH TO BE HELPING HIM ROB THIS BANK!"
HMMMM
YES, YOUNG JUVE?
THERE'S A SHRINK IN THIS SUITCASE. PAY HIM ONE MILLION CREDS OR HE WILL ANALYSE YOU ALL!
I...I DON'T UNDERSTAND. IS THIS A... STICK UP?
LOOK ON IT MORE AS A SHRINK UP
PSSSSTTT!
'SCUSE!
JA! UND TELL ZEM I VILL THROW IN GROUP THERAPY SESSIONS! NONE VILL ESCAPE! I VILL ANALYSE ZEM TO A FRAZZLE!
PHEW! HEAVVVEEE!
A MOST UNUSUAL SITUATION... I'M-I'M NOT QUITE SURE HOW TO DEAL WITH IT...
THEN ALLOW ME.
DIDN'T TAKE YOU LONG, DID IT?
CAN'T BLAME ME. I WAS JUST PASSING ON A MESSAGE.
THIS NOTE IS IN YOUR HANDWRITING.

JUST DOIN' A FAVOUR. THE SHRINK COULDN'T SEE IN THE DARK.
JA! IS TRUE! HE IS JUST AN INNOCENT PATIENT!
WHAT'S HIS PROBLEM, THEN?
ZE EYES! NEIN! GET AVAY! GET AVAY!
NUFF SAID!
PSYCHO CUBES THIS TIME!
MMMM!
ABSOLUTELY.
OKAY, PUNK. AGAINST MY BETTER JUDGEMENT I'M LETTING YOU GO THIS TIME. BUT BE WARNED – YOU'RE PUSHIN' THIS MENTAL TICKET TO THE LIMIT!
NEXT TIME I CATCH YOU INVOLVED IN SOMETHING LIKE THIS WE'RE TALKING LOBOTOMY!
TERRIFIC! I LOVE FOREIGN LANGUAGES!
YOU ARE NOT COMING VITH ME?
'FRAID NOT
BUT I THOUGHT YOU LIKED ZE CUBES!
YEAH, BUT ENOUGH'S ENOUGH.
YATCH OUT FOR ZE EYES! ZEY ARE EVERYWHERE!
YOU BET!
I MEAN, IT PAYS TO BE MENTAL – BUT NOT THAT MENTAL!
NEXT PROG: LITTLE SPUGGY'S XMAS!

JUDGE DREDD

LITTLE SPUGGY'S CHRISTMAS

SCRIPT JOHN WAGNER AND JIM BAIKIE
ART JIM MAC

It is 10.00pm on Christmas Eve and a large number of residents of Iso-Block 47 are being granted early release. That this uncustomary display of seasonal goodwill by Justice Dept may in part be motivated by a serious overcrowding problem is neither here nor there to the relatives gathered at the gates.

Needless to say there is much dabbing of eyes and smacking of lips and a joyful reunion is had by all

All, that is except Little Spuggy. No friendly face is there to greet him.

Now this is not surprising because for one thing Little Spuggy is a scumbag of the first magnitude and if anybody is there to greet him it is more likely to be because they wish to deliver a sock in the kisser or worse...

- and, for another thing, Spuggy is doing 30 for that little bit of mayhem at the Tenth Street Savings and Loan and unless Justice Dept has radically changed its policy towards serious bad guys Little Spuggy is figuring somebody somewhere has made a big mistake.

Not that he is in any hurry to point this out. Quite the reverse, his first move is to put as much distance as possible between himself and the cubes. And all the while he's thinking of a place where he can lay his mitts on some cash and some heavy duty hardware and one or two other little items.

Unfortunately, if any mistake is made it is Little Spuggy who is making it if he thinks the judges are dumb enough to let him loose. In fact, his every move is being observed.

DREDD TO CONTROL – HE'S HAILING A CAB. CHAMMERS ROAD.

FOLLOW BUT STAY OUT OF SIGHT – WE'LL KEEP YOU POSTED.

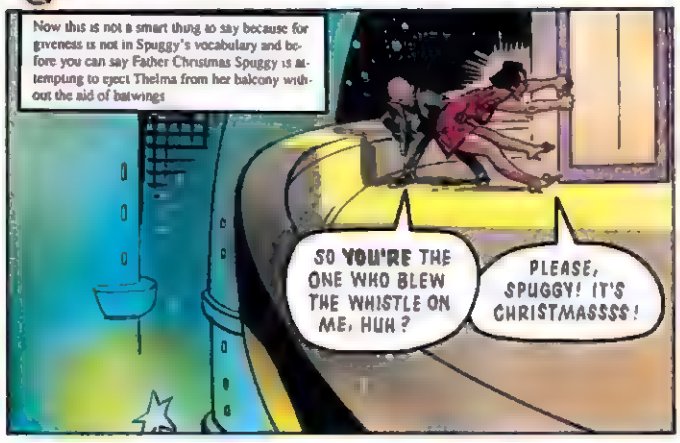
Not that Spuggy need be watched too closely. When he had that hernia op the Judges took the opportunity of implanting a mini-transmitter in his gut. It is giving them a read-out on Spuggy's exact location at every moment.
HEADING EAST ON STANDER. TURNING INTO FRAGNAL.
"SUSPECT STOPPED ON FRAGNAL— OUTSIDE LAME DUCK BAR. THIS COULD BE IT."
The LAME DUCK
LONG TIME NO SEE, FREEK.
SP-SPUGGY! JEEZ-! I THOUGHT--
THOUGHT WHAT? I'D BE IN A LITTLE LONGER? WELL, YOU'RE WRONG.
WHERE'S MY STASH? STILL GOT IT?
S-SURE, SPUGGY. IT-IT'S IN THE BACK ROOM...
To say Freddy the Freek is not pleased to see his old pal is somewhat of an understatement. If truth be told he has consoled himself during Spuggy's absence by spending most of the aforementioned's ill-gotten gains
However, he does not see this as a problem a .38 slug will not solve

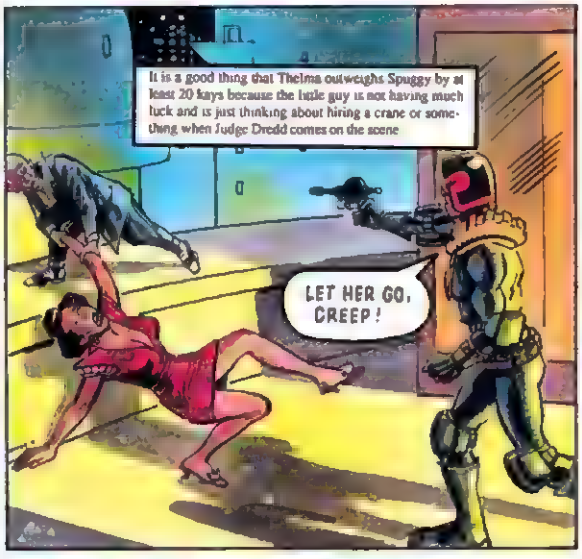
Now if Little Spuggy notices the cash is missing he gives no sign. For unknown to Freddy the Freek there is a false bottom on this box and inside is a little item known as the black book
This once belonged to another unpleasant character called North Side Norman and details over forty years involvement in organised crime
Also in the box is a las-blaster, which Little Spuggy likes to keep around for insurance purposes.
How this item came into Spuggy's possession is another story. Suffice to say it is a very spicy read and the Judges would love to get their hands on it.
as would more than a few other Joes as it is a valuable reference work in the art of blackmail, which is a career move Little Spuggy is thinking of making
BZZZATTT!
KRAAM!
MERRY CHRISTMAS, FREEK!
UNNGG!
SCREEN'S GONE BLANK!
DREDD! WE'VE LOST THE SIGNAL! SOMETHING'S GONE WRONG. BETTER MOVE IN!
ON MY WAY!
VRRMMMM

By the time Dredd gets there Little Spuggy and the black book are long gone
HE'S BEEN WOUNDED.
HE MAY HAVE TAKEN THE BARMAN'S CAR. PUT OUT AN APB.
Little Spuggy heads straight for his girlfriend Thelma's block. He figures she used to be a nurse and she can patch him up and anyway she doesn't come to see him since he is in the cubes and wants to know why.
DAMON RUNYAN BLOCKS
Now the last thing Thelma is expecting is a visit from Little Spuggy. She is not expecting one of these for at least [illegible] thirty years, which is why she is now shacked up with another bozo whose name is Ron and who is in insurance
GEEZ! SPUGGY!
CRASH!
MERRY CHRISTMAS, DOLL!
HI! RON'S THE NAME! I'M IN INSURANCE!
YA DON'T SAY?
BAZATT!
ME TOO!

SO THIS IS WHY YA DON'T COME TA VISIT ME, HUH, THELMA ? I OUGHTA PUT ONE IN YOU TOO !
N-NO, SPUGGY ! PLEASE — FORGIVE ME !

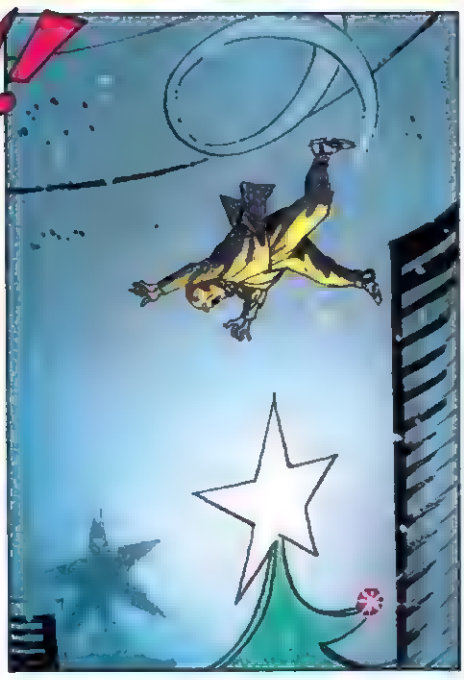
I-I WAS GETTIN' SICK OF THE FAT SLOB ANYWAY— I DON'T KNOW WHAT I EVER SAW IN HIM!
YOU'RE A REAL MAN, SPUGGY! I'M SORRY I EVER INFORMED ON—
ULP!


Now this is not a smart thing to say because forgiveness is not in Spuggy's vocabulary and before you can say Father Christmas Spuggy is attempting to eject Thelma from her balcony without the aid of batwings
SO YOU'RE THE ONE WHO BLEW THE WHISTLE ON ME, HUH ?
PLEASE, SPUGGY! IT'S CHRISTMASSSS !


It is a good thing that Thelma outweighs Spuggy by at least 20 kays because the little guy is not having much luck and is just thinking about hiring a crane or something when Judge Dredd comes on the scene
LET HER GO, CREEP !

YOU'LL NEVER TAKE ME ALIVE !
SO BE IT !

BADAMM!
AAAHHHH!



RUN
KINDA PRETTY, AIN'T HE?
LIKE THE CHRISTMAS ANGEL...
NEAREST HE'LL EVER GET.
By the time they get Spuggy down he is burnt to a frazzle - along with North Side Norman's little black book. So, all things considered, it is not a happy Christmas for Justice Dept - or for Spuggy or Freddy the Freck or Ron the insurance guy for that matter
For Dredd it is just a minor incident on what promises to be a long and busy night - though personally he is glad he did not organise that little escapade as three fatalities and no black book is a bit of a bummer by anyone's reckoning.
But for Thelma it is not turning out to be such a bad night. Not only is she rid of two slobs at once but before he goes Ron has the foresight to take out several fat policies on his life, so Thelma is going to be in it for over a million Cs.
♪ I'M IN THE MONEY...♫
Which all goes to show that, for one person at least, Little Spuggy really is the Christmas Angel
THE END

HOLD IT, CREEP! YOU'RE UNDER ARREST!
HOLD IT YOURSELF--
CREEP!
AAAGH!
DREDD TO CONTROL. MEAT WAGON REQUIRED, SCALLY AVENUE. DEAD MAN IS ONE SLY STOAND, OF HI-FUNK CONAPTS. YOU GOT A UNIT CAN INFORM HIS FAMILY?
NOT AT THIS TIME. DO US A FAVOUR, DREDD — NOTIFY THIS ONE YOURSELF.

JUDGE DREDD
A FAMILY AFFAIR
HI-FUNK
MR AND MRS STOAND? I HAVE SOME BAD NEWS.
YOUR SON SLY IS DEAD.
MY SLY? DEAD?
NO - HE CAN'T BE! NOT MY BOY!
THERE, DARLENE!
HOW - HOW DID IT HAPPEN, JUDGE? SKY-SURFING, I BET! IF I TOLD HIM ONCE I TOLD HIM A HUNDRED TIMES--
NO. HE WAS ENGAGED IN ARMED ROBBERY. HE DIED RESISTING ARREST.

MY SLY AN ARMED ROBBER? YOU'RE LYING! DON'T YOU EVER SAY THAT! MY SLY WAS A GOOD BOY!
I UNDERSTAND YOUR GRIEF, MRS STOAND.
HOWEVER, IF YOU DON'T CUT THIS OUT, YOU'LL BE DOIN' YOUR GRIEVIN' IN A CUBE!
YOU'RE A COLD FISH AND NO MISTAKE, DREDD! MY BOY FRESH DEAD, AND YOU WANT TO ARREST HIS POOR MOTHER!
WHY, I WOULDN'T BE SURPRISED IF IT WAS YOU THAT KILLED HIM!
IT WAS YOU! WHY YOU MURDERING BRUTE! I'VE A GOOD MIND TO —
FAIRLEY — NO! REMEMBER WHAT THE DOCTOR SAID!
HUUUU!
HUUuuu!
uuu-uuu!
FAIRLEY!
DROKK! HEART ATTACK!

MUM! DAD! WHAT'S GOING ON?
IT-IT'S THAT JUDGE, ANTONY! HE'S KILLED YOUR BROTHER — AND NOW HE'S GIVEN YOUR FATHER A HEART ATTACK!
YOU DIRTY ROTTEN LAWDOG! YOU'RE ALL THE SAME! I'LL--
DON'T BE A FOOL!
AAAAAH!
ANTONY!
THIS HAS GONE FAR ENOUGH! NOW EVERYBODY CALM DOWN BEFORE--
CHOP!
AHH!

HE KILLED SLY!
AND POP!
AND ANTONY!
GET HIM!
LOOK OUT--!
KRAKKK!
AAAAAGHH!

DREDD TO CONTROL! MEAT-WAGON REQUIRED, HI-FUNK CONAPTS, TOP FLOOR AND GROUND!
AN' HOLD THE SLY STOAND FUNERAL...
MOST OF THE FAMILY'S GONNA BE THERE!
THE END

JUDGE DREDD
I'M MANNY – ME FLY
WOULD YOU JUST LOOK AT THAT!
THAT'S A DISGRACE!
WHY DON'T THEY DO SOMETHING ABOUT IT?
MUST'VE BEEN A DOG!
WHEN DID YOU LAST SEE A DOG ROUND HERE?
WHOEVER DID IT OUGHT TO BE ASHAMED OF THEMSELF.
THAT APPALLING SMELL!
C'MON, SHEE, L-LET'S GO
I'M MANNY ME FLY
WHAT'S THE MATTER? NOT AFRAID OF A LITTLE DOGGIE DOO, ARE –
MANNY! WHAT'S THE MATTER?
OH GRUD HELP ME! MY NOSE SPRAY – EMPTY –!
IT'S HAPPENING!
QUICK! PERFUME! GIMME YOUR PERFUME--
NO–! IT'S TOO LATE!
MANNY! WHAT'S HAPPENING – ?

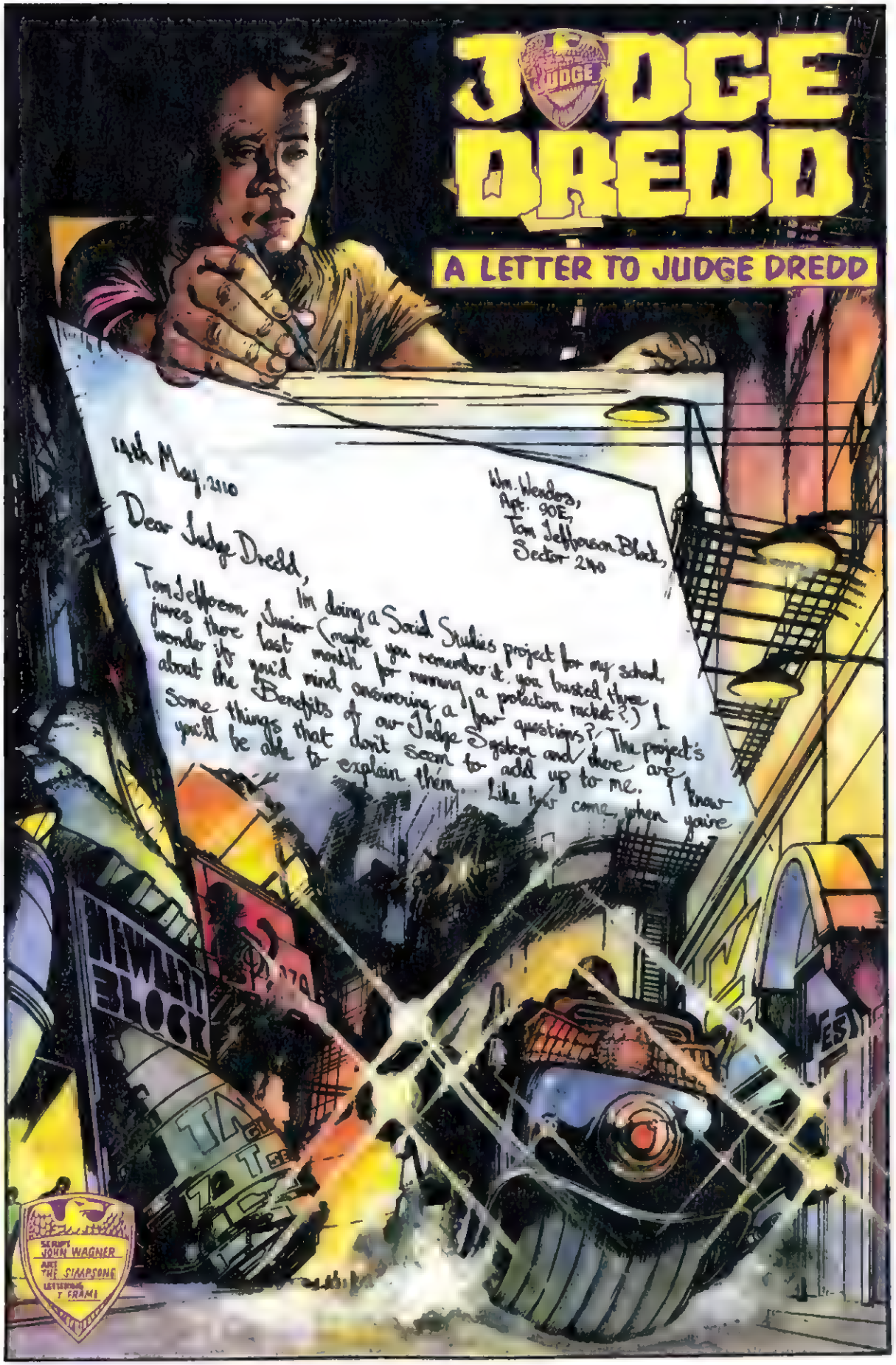
MANNEEEEEEE!
THERE WAS ONE THING... THE GUY WAS WEARIN' A BADGE – "I'M MANNY – ME FLY", THAT'S WHAT IT SAID. I FIGURE IT'S HIS IDEA OF A JOKE.
NO... IT'S THE TRANSPAN AIRLINE SLOGAN...
IF HE WORKS FOR THE AIRLINE HE SHOULDN'T BE HARD TO TRACE.
NOW I WANT TO KNOW WHAT YOU'RE GOING TO DO ABOUT THIS!
THE FLY GUY RAN OFF, JUDGE DREDD – AND THE WOMAN AFTER HIM.
ANY OF YOU KNOW THEM?
NO. NEVER SEEN 'EM ROUND HERE.
CONTROL, WE'VE GOT EXCREMENT ON THE PAVEMENT, DOOVER SQUARE. I WANT FULL FORENSIC ANALYSIS. LET'S SEE IF WE CAN TRACE THIS ONE BACK.
WE'LL BAG THE CREEP, DON'T YOU WORRY, CITIZEN. IN THE MEANTIME I'D APPRECIATE IT IF YOU'D KEEP AN EYE ON IT TILL FORENSIC GET HERE. AND WHATEVER YOU DO –
– DON'T TOUCH IT.

I DON'T BELIEVE WHAT I SAW OUT THERE, MANNY...! TELL ME IT DIDN'T HAPPEN!
I...I WISH I COULD, SHEE... I THOUGHT... I COULD HIDE IT FROM YOU, BUT. .
HEROISM
YOU... MIGHT AS WELL KNOW EVERYTHING NOW.
BRING ME... BRING ME THE GARBAGE...
YOU... YOU REMEMBER I WAS STEWARD ON THAT FLIGHT THAT CRASHED IN THE ANTARCTIC JUNGLE? HOW I WAS THE ONLY SURVIVOR...?
...HOW I WANDERED FOR DAYS WITHOUT FOOD...?
YES. I THINK I RECALL YOU SAYING SOMETHING ABOUT THAT...
SZ-EEEE
WELL, ONE NIGHT I WOKE TO FIND A GIANT FLY ON MY FACE – BITING ME...
A FLY WITH THE HEAD OF A MAN ..
"I THOUGHT AT FIRST IT WAS AN HALLUCINATION BROUGHT ON BY MY WEAKENED STATE...
HA HA HA HA HA
"...IT WAS ONLY MUCH LATER I HEARD OF THE LEGEND OF THE TRIBAL SHAMAN CURSED TO LIVE FOREVER IN THE BODY OF A GIANT ANTARCTIC BLOODFLY."

OF COURSE THE FIRST TRANSFORMATION CAME MUCH SOONER...
I FOUND THAT ANY BAD SMELL WOULD SET IT OFF – A MUDBOG – AN ANIMAL CARCASE -- AFTER A WHILE MY OWN BODY ODOUR...
THANKFULLY, I MANAGED TO WASH IN A RIVER BEFORE THEY FOUND ME UNTIL NOW, I'VE ALWAYS BEEN ABLE TO KEEP IT UNDER CONTROL WITH MY PERFUME SPRAY...
ALL THESE YEARS, MANNY, AND YOU NEVER TOLD ME...
WHAT WOULD YOU HAVE SAID? WOULD YOU STILL HAVE WANTED ME?
WELL, IT'S DECISION TIME, BABE.
MANFRED BLOY! WE HAVE YOUR APARTMENT SURROUNDED!
YOU'RE UNDER ARREST, FLYBOY!

B-BUT WHAT FOR ?
WHADDYA MEAN, WHAT FOR-? FOR TURNIN' INTO A FLY !
IS THAT ILLEGAL ?
YOU KNOW, YOU'VE GOT ME THERE...
WE'LL FIND OUT SOON ENOUGH.
THE JUDGES HAVE A LOT OF FUN WITH MANNY...
STALE BREAD
BAD EGG
ROTTING FISH
CHEM SLIME
STINK PLANT
WE'RE NOT SURE WHAT CAUSES IT. IT'S NOT VIRAL - NOT BACTERIAL - DOESN'T SEEM TO FOLLOW ANY OF THE RULES...
IT'S ALSO NOT GENETIC. SO STRICTLY SPEAKING HE'S NOT ILLEGAL.
SMELL IS THE TRIGGER, SO THE CONDITION CAN BE CONTROLLED WITH OLFACTORY BLOCKERS.
YOU'RE LETTING ME GO !

WE'VE GOT NOTHING TO HOLD YOU ON. WE'LL CONTINUE STUDYING YOU – AND OF COURSE, WE MUST INSIST YOU TAKE THE PILLS AS DIRECTED.
EXIT
YOU WANT US TO ARRANGE TRANSPORT – OR ARE YOU GOING TO FLY?
UNUSUALLY, THIS STORY HAS A HAPPY ENDING. AFTER HER INITIAL SHOCK SHEE QUICKLY RECONCILES HERSELF TO HER HUSBAND'S CONDITION
INDEED, AT THE BACK OF HER MIND IS THE COMFORTING THOUGHT THAT SHOULD THEY EVER FALL ON HARD TIMES THE HUMAN FLY MIGHT MAKE A VERY ACCEPTABLE CABARET TURN
AND SO THE TWO CONTINUE TO LIVE IN COMPARITIVE HAPPINESS... THOUGH IF MANNY WERE HONEST HE'D HAVE TO ADMIT THAT HE IS BEGINNING TO GET JUST A LITTLE SICK OF THE SMELL OF AIR FRESHENER...
...AND THAT NEW ORNAMENT ABOVE THE MANTELPIECE DOES SEEM A TRIFLE IN BAD TASTE...
THE END


JUDGE DREDD
A LETTER TO JUDGE DREDD
14th May, 2110
Wm. Wendos,
Apt. 90E,
Tom Jefferson Block,
Sector 240
Dear Judge Dredd,
I'm doing a Social Studies project for my school,
Tom Jefferson Junior (maybe you remember it, you busted three
juves there last month for running a protection racket?) I
wonder if you'd mind answering a few questions? The project's
about the Benefits of our Judge System and there are
some things that don't seem to add up to me. I know
you'll be able to explain them. Like how come, when you're
NEWLETT BLOCK
SCRIPT JOHN WAGNER
ART THE SIMPSONS
LETTERING T FRAME

Like how come, when you're so good at keeping our streets free of crime, Mega-City One still has the worst crime rate going ?
My book says Judges were given their extreme powers to "combat a tidal wave of lawlessness" — but things don't seem to have got much better. Is this because you're short staffed ?
And how come, according to statistics, a citizen is almost as likely to be killed by a Judge as by a criminal ?
I suppose most of the ones you kill are criminals, so I guess that makes it okay, even if they've only done something like shoplifting —
— but you sure hurt an awful lot of people.

Is this because there are more people committing crimes these days ?
Or are there just more crimes to commit ?
BANNED
BANNED
My book says that in the old days they used to have things called juries, that twelve ordinary people would sit and listen to all the evidence and only if THEY thought someone was guilty could he get sent to the cubes.
Juries wasted a lot of time and too many guilty people went free, I can see that. But don't you ever worry about making a mistake ?
Judges are really well-trained and you've got machines to help you as well, but you're only human. You must get it wrong sometimes.
And your kind of law is so final.

My pal Jojo says you're always telling us you're there for our own good, to protect all our rights and freedoms. But when the citizens actually stand up and ask for their rights you judges just break their heads.

Of course, Jojo's biased. His dad, George Sholley, was on that Democratic March a couple of years ago. A judge hit him over the head and he's still not right yet.

Doc's say it's brain damage.

He gets fits and attacks Mrs Sholley and Jojo. He thinks they're giant pineapples from space come to juice him. I'm not kidding.

Jojo says he was just peacefully protesting, but I know judges wouldn't hit an innocent citizen for nothing. He must've been doing something wrong that we don't know about, like shouting too loud or something.

You were in charge of the judges at the march, so I guess nobody's in a better position to know. Could you let me in on what Mr Sholley did ?
JUDGE DR
GRAND HALL OF JUSTICE
CRASHH!
COME BACK HERE!
JOJO~!
MR SHOLLEY! PUT THAT KNIFE DOWN!
STINKIN' LITTLE PINEAPPLE!

WHO THE HELL DECIDED SHOLLEY WAS FIT TO BE ON THE LOOSE?
HE WAS DUE FOR ANOTHER BRAIN OP NEXT MONTH. PSYCHO CUBES FIGURED HE'D BE SAFE...
I WANT NAMES. HEADS ARE GOING TO ROLL.
NUKE
EATEN ALIVE!
THIS WAS IN THE BOY'S HAND.
ADDRESSED TO YOU.
I hope you don't mind all these questions. I'm only asking because I know you wouldn't be part of a system that was bad for us. There must be an explanation for everything. It's just that I can't see it.
Yours sincerely, Wm Wenders.
KID ASKED A LOT OF QUESTIONS...
YEAH...
AND I'M NOT SURE I KNOW THE ANSWERS.
NEXT PROG: A JUDGE DREDD EPIC-LENGTH STORY BEGINS...
"TALE OF THE DEAD MAN"

WRITERS

With over 300 *2000 AD* stories to his name – not to mention over 250 Daily Star *Judge Dredd* strips – **Alan Grant**'s prolific creative record speaks for itself. Outside the Galaxy's Greatest Comic, Grant is well-known to *Batman* fans following a lengthy run on various incarnations of the title. More recently he has adapted Robert Louis Stevenson's classic novels *Kidnapped* and *Doctor Jekyll and Mr Hyde* in Graphic Novel format with artist Cam Kennedy. His television work includes scripts for the BBC series *Ace Lightning and the Carnival of Doom* and he is currently writing a feature length animation for a German company.

John Wagner has been scripting for *2000 AD* for more years than he cares to remember. His creations include *Judge Dredd, Strontium Dog, Ace Trucking, Al's Baby, Button Man* and *Mean Machine*. Outside of *2000 AD* his credits include *Star Wars, Lobo, The Punisher* and the critically acclaimed *A History of Violence*.

ARTISTS

Jeff Anderson has illustrated *Judge Dredd, One-Offs* and *Tharg's Future Shocks* for *2000 AD*.

Artist **Mick Austin** is perhaps better known for his acclaimed book jacket illustrations rather than for his comics work. However, in addition to assorted covers and pin-ups, he has contributed to several *2000 AD* series — *Future Shocks, Indigo Prime, Judge Anderson, Judge Dredd, Tales of the Doghouse, Terror Tales, Urban Strike* and *Vector 13*. He was also the artist behind the controversial 'Judge Corey' story in *2000 AD Sci-Fi Special* 1989, featuring the titular Judge's suicide.

Jim Baikie is co-creator of *Skizz*. In addition Baikie has illustrated *Cursitor Doom, Future Shocks* and *Judge Dredd*. He also co-created the hard-hitting political super-hero series, *New Statesmen*, in *Crisis* In the US, Baikie has teamed up again with Alan Moore in America's Best Comics' *Tomorrow Stories*, and has contributed to the *America's Best Comics Sketchbook*, DC's *Blackmask, Clive Barker's Nightbreed, Deathblow, Electric Warrior* and *Vigilante*.

Dougie Braithwaite provided the art for the *Judge Dredd* strips 'Lockin' Up The House' and 'Confessions of a Rottweiler.'

As co-creator of *Judge Dredd* **Carlos Ezquerra** designed the classic original costume as well as visually conceptualising Mega-City One. He also co-created *Strontium Dog*. He has also illustrated *A.B.C. Warriors, Judge Anderson, Tharg the Mighty, Al's Baby* and *Cursed Eath Koburn* amongst many others. Outside of the Galaxy's Greatest Comic, Ezquerra first illustrated *Third World War* in *Crisis* magazine, and has since become a regular collaborator with Garth Ennis, working on *Adventures in the Rifle Brigade, Bloody Mary, Just a Pilgrim, Condors* and *The Magnificent Kevin*. He also pencilled two special *Preacher* episodes.

Mike Collins has illustrated *American Gothic* which he also co-created, *Judge Dredd, Rogue Trooper Sinister Dexter, Sláine* and has written and illustrated several *Tharg's Future Shocks* strips.

John Higgins has illustrated *Chopper, Freaks, One-Offs, Tharg the Mighty* and *Time Twisters*. His work outside the Galaxy's Greatest Comic is also highly respected, and he has contributed to some of the most important series of recent times, including working as a colourist on the modern superhero classic *Watchmen*.

Cam Kennedy is another hugely popular *2000 AD* artist, having illustrated many *Judge Dredd* strips and co-created luckless wannabe creator Kenny Who? and the Taxidermist. A key early *Rogue Trooper* artist, he has also drawn *Batman/ Judge Dredd: Vendetta in Gotham, Judge Dredd, Tharg the Mighty, Tharg's Future Shocks*, and *The V.C.'s*.
His extracurricular work includes *Axel Pressbutton, Batman, The Light and Darkness War, Lobo, Nick Fury: Agent of S.H.I.E.L.D.*, and *Star Wars: Dark Empire* 1 and 2.

Barry Kitson is a fan-favourite *2000 AD* artist, whose pencils have graced *Judge Anderson*, *Tharg's Future Shocks*, and *Judge Dredd's* appearances in both the Daily Star and in the Galaxy's Greatest Comic, where Kitson co-created the deadly martial artist Stan Lee!

Since joining *2000 AD* in 1986 **Colin MacNeil** has worked on many strips, including *Chopper* – Song of the Surfer and the infamous death of Johnny Alpha in *Strontium Dog* – The Final Solution. He went on to collaborate with John Wagner on the award winning *Judge Dredd* – America for the *Judge Dredd Megazine*. He has also worked on *Shimura*, *Maelstrom* and *Fiends of the Eastern Front* – Stalingrad. Most recently working on *Judge Dredd* –Total War, Cadet, Mutants in Mega-City One and Emphatically Evil: The Life and Crimes of P J Maybe. He also provided the atmospheric artwork on *Bloodquest* for Games Workshop. He also enjoys creating large abstract paintings. He says it's art therapy!

Paul Marshall co-created *The Corps* and *Firekind*, and has also pencilled *Judge Dredd*, *Mean Machine*, *One-Offs*, *Sinister Dexter*, *Tharg's Future Shocks*, *Tyranny Rex* and *Vector 13*. His other work can be seen in Harris Comics' *Avalon*.

Cliff Robinson is one of *2000 AD*'s longest-serving artists, having made his debut with a *Future Shock* way back in Prog 362! Since then, he has co-created *Mother Earth*, and illustrated numerous *Judge Dredd* strips, as well as *Future Shocks*, *Judge Anderson* and *Venus Bluegenes*.

Liam Sharp is the co-creator of recurring, pint-sized *Judge Dredd* villain P.J. Maybe. He has also illustrated *A.B.C. Warriors*, *Finn* and *Tharg's Future Shocks*. Beyond *2000 AD*, his work includes *Batman*, *Superman, The Possessed, The Incredible Hulk, Magik, Spiderman, Spawn: The Dark Ages* and *X-Men* titles. Liam is currently working on the critically acclaimed Vertigo series *Testament* with best-selling author Douglas Rushkoff. He also set up Mam Tor publishing with his wife Christina, and produced *Sharpenings; The Art of Liam Sharp*, and the award-winning anthology *Event Horizon*.

Will Simpson is the co-creator of *Universal Soldier*, and co-penciller of the classic *Judge Dredd* story 'The Dead Man' and painter of the hugely popular *Rogue Trooper* story 'The War Machine'. He has also illustrated *Future Shocks*, *Judge Anderson*, *Tyranny Rex* and *Witchworld*. Simpson's work beyond *2000 AD* includes *Aliens*, *Animal Man*, *Batman*, *Hellblazer*, and his co-created *Vamps* series at DC/Vertigo.

Vanyo illustrated several Judge Dredd strips as well as providing the art for a Tharg's Future Shock.

As well as doing work for the *Judge Dredd Megazine* **Peter Venters** provided the art for the *Judge Dredd* strip 'And The Wind Cried.'

Chris Weston is the co-creator of *Indigo Prime: Killing Time*, and has drawn a vast array of other *2000 AD* and *Megazine* stories, including *Downlode Tales*, *Future Shocks*, *Canon Fodder*, *Judge Dredd*, *Nemesis the Warlock*, *Nikolai Dante*, *One-Offs*, *Pulp Sci-Fi*, *Robo-Hunter*, *Rogue Trooper*, *Vector 13* and *Whatever Happened To?* Beyond *2000 AD*, Weston's work includes *Fantastic Four: First Family*, *Enemy Ace: War in HEAVEN*, *The Filth*, *The Invisibles*, *Ministry of Space* and Garth Ennis' *War Story: Johann's Tiger*.

Steve Yeowell has been a massively popular *2000 AD* artist, since his debut as penciller of the classic *Zenith*. He is also co-creator of *Maniac 5*, *Red Fang*, *Red Razors* and *The Red Seas*, and has pencilled *Armitage*, *Black Light*, *DeMarco*, *Devlin Waugh*, *Future Shocks*, *Judge Dredd*, *A Life Less Ordinary*, *Nikolai Dante*, *Pussyfoot 5*, *The Scarlet Apocrypha*, *Sinister Dexter*, *Tharg the Mighty* and *Vector 13*. His work outside the Galaxy's Greatest Comic includes *Batman*, *Doom Patrol*, *The Invisibles*, *Sebastian O*, *Skrull Kill Krew*, *Starman* and *X-Men*.

Torquemada

R.